

11601. cc. 12.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SECOND.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVING-
TON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN,
B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN,
J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES,
T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS,
J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RID-
LEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND
SOTHEY, J. BEW, N. CONANT,
J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS

WITH
PREFACE

BY
CRITICAL
BY



THE
FIFTH EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED BY H. BAIRD
AND SONS, 10, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4.
1884

THE
P O E M S
OF
Y O U N G.

VOLUME III.



T
I
I
F
A
T
T
A
T
T
A
W
W
A
W
A

[1]

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL Heavens.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

“ —Fatis contraria fata rependens.” VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords, 5
And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career; 10
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,

VOL. III.

B

I chase

I chace the moments with a serious song. 15
 Song sooths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
 Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;
 Canst thou, O *Night* ! indulge one labour more ? 20
 One labour more-indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease ;
 To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust, 25
 Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?
 Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ? 30
 I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
 Thy smile 's sincere ; not more sincere can be
 Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
 The sick in *body* call for aid ; the sick 35
 In-*mind* are covetous of more disease ;
 And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.
 To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
 When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes, 40
 Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes* ;
 The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
 (As Indians glory in the deepest jet),

And

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 3

And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*. 45

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unfully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.

No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour, 50

I see its fables wove by *destiny*;
And *that* in sorrow bury'd; *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal. 55

Where, the prime actors of the last *year's* scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high? 60
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality; 65
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.

What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone? 70
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"*Protest diversions!* cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;

And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave. 75
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
 We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement: how like gods
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality, 80
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities, 85
 From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
 Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world! 90
 What is the world itself? *Thy* world—a grave.
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes, 95
 And is the cieling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
 The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
 Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*; 100
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's *death*

Inhabits

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 5

Inhabits all things, but the thought of man. 105

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal ; empires die : where, now,
The Roman ? Greek ? They stalk, an empty name !

Yet few regard them in this useful light ;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph. 110

When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,

O *death* ! I stretch my view : what visions rise !

What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !

In wither'd laurels glide before my sight ! 115

What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high

With human agitation, roll along

In unsubstantial images of air !

The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,

Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause, 120

With penitential aspect, as they pass,

All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,

The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,

Of ghastly nature, and enormous size, 125

One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,

And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world

I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath

And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn

Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms, 130

And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophecies

Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

But, like Cassandra, prophecies in vain ;

In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know, 135
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?

Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers !

Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in caves

Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;

Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin, 140

In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage

Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.

But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage ;

When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,

War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak 145

To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,

These are let loose, alternate : down they rush,

Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,

With irresistible commission arm'd,

The world, in vain corrected, to destroy, 150

And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo ! what depends *on* man ?

The *fate* of nature ; as *for* man, her *birth*.

Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,

And make creation groan with human guilt. 155

How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,

But not of waters ! at the destin'd hour,

By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,

See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play 160

Their various engines ; all at once disgorge

Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,

This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height

Out-

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 7

Out-burns Vefuvius ; rocks eternal pour 165
 Their melted mafs, as rivers once they pour'd ;
 Stars rufh ; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
 Her plowfhare o'er creation !—while aloft,
 More than aftonifhment ! if more *can* be !
 Far other *firmament* than e'er was feen, 170
 Than e'er was thought by man ! far other *ftars* !
 Stars animate, that govern thefe of fire ;
 Far other *fun* !—A fun, O how unlike
 The Babe at Bethlem ! how unlike the Man,
 That groan'd on Calvary !—Yet *He* it is ; 175
 That Man of sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what pomp !
 In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends !
 And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
 A fwift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and difgrace 180
 The fcene divine, fweeps ftars and funs afide.
 And now, all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
 Hell, burfting, belches forth her blazing seas, 185
 And ftorms fulphureous ; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
 Lorenzo ! welcome to this fcene ; the laft
 In nature's courfe ; the firft in wifdom's thought.
This ftrikes, if aught can ftrike thee ; *this* awakes 190
 The moft fupine ; *this* fnatches man from death.
 Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the moft momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls my foul, and ardour wings her flight.

I find my inspiration in my theme; 195
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst 200
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all! 205
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan? 210
Where are *we now*? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood; Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly, 215
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods, 220
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

At

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 69

At *thought* of thee!—and art thou *absent* then? 225
 Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
 Already is begun the grand affize,
 In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
 Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*. 230
 Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
 Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons?
 Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court 235
 Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
 What hero, like the man who stands himself;
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
 Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings, 240
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
 (Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
 Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
 Asks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires; 245
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
 Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heaven!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
 O day of consummation! mark supreme 250
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,

As

As in a theatre, surround this scene, 255

Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,

To vindicate his glory; and for thee,

Creation universal calls aloud,

To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give 260

To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!

All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round! 265

All *Deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!

All basking in the full meridian blaze!

I see the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!

The volume open'd! open'd every heart!

A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought! 270

No patron! intercessor none! now pass

The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!

For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!

Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man, 275

From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,

And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd:

Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.

All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace:

Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll 280

His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;

And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought!—and yet where is it?

Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*

The

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 11

The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd 285
 In darknefs. But the *process*, and the *place*,
 Are less obscure; for these may *man* enquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
 Great end! and great beginning! say, Where art thou?
 Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity*?
 Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
 As in debate, how best their powers ally'd, 295
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
 Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
 With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head;
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath 300
 The frown of hideous darknefs, calls his sons
 From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb;
 To second birth! contemporary throng!
 Rous'd at One call, upstart'd from One bed,
 Prest in One croud, appall'd with One amaze, 305
 He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls *alone*;
 His greatest foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
 Who murder'd all *Time's* offspring, *Death*, expire. 310

Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
 Awful Eternity! offended queen!
 And her resentment to mankind, how just!
 With kind intent, soliciting access,

How

How often has she knock'd at human hearts ! 315

Rich to repay their hospitality,

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !

Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !

A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !

A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile. 320

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,

With banners streaming as the *comet's* blaze,

And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,

Sonorous as immortal breath can blow, 325

Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,

Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,

Wide, as *creation* ! populous, as wide !

A neutral region ! there to mark th' event

Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes 330

Detain'd them close spectators, through a length

Of ages, ripening to this grand result ;

Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;

Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates

The rights of virtue, and his own renown. 335

Eternity, the various sentence past,

Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,

Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?

The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !

Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven. 340

The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd aspect, turns

Her adamantine key's enormous size

Through destiny's inextricable wards,

Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.

Then,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 13

Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven, 345
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar. 350

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole *ethereal*! How the concave rings!
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose, 355
To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, descends, 360
To solve all *knots*; to strike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause! 365
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

What then am I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string, 370
Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains*?
Censure on thee, Lorenzo! I suspend,
And turn it on *myself*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*; by God ordain'd or done;

And

And who, but God, resum'd the friends *He* gave? 375

And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?

Complaining of his *favours*; *pain*, and *death*?

Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?

Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?

Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment, 380

To make for *peace*; and *death* to save from *death*;

And second *death*, to guard immortal life;

To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,

And turn the tide of souls another way;

By the same tenderness divine ordain'd, 385

That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,

A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;

Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.

All-evils *natural* are *moral* goods; 390

All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.

None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,

But such as to themselves that cause deny.

Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;

Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source 395

Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*;

And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;

But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.

Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays, 400

Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;

'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 15

Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace. 405

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;

Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;

As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,

And virtue in calamities, admire. 410

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;

An evergreen, that stands the Northern blast,

And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know

How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot; 415

A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,

Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,

Nor think it misery to be a *man*;

Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.

Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live. 420

What spoke *proud passion*?—"* With my being lost?"

Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!

The triumph of my soul is—That I *am*;

And therefore that I *may* be—*what*? Lorenzo!

Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still; 425

Unfathomably deep our treasure runs

In golden veins, through all eternity!

Ages, and ages, and succeeding still

New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,

Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair, 430

Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,

And fly through infinite, and all unlock;

And (if deserv'd) by heaven's redundant love,

Made

* Referring to the First Night.

Made half-adorable itself, adore;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy! 435
 Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
 Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
 May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
 With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
 Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd, 440
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.
 No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
 If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills?—there are none: *All-gracious!* none from *thee*;
 From *man* full many! numerous is the race
 Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,
 Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;
 Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men, 450
 First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
 Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*,
 Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice; 455
 Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
 If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 "Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cause; 460
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 17

Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust! 465
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
 Or this alone—"That none is to be found."
 Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime;
 Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* Complaint,
 Who like a *daemon*, murmuring from the dust, 470
 Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
 For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;
 * Her death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
 It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve; 475
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
 Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
 Great Source of good *alone*! How kind in all!
 In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna*, Save. 480
 Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind*!
 Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
 The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
 The *winter* is as needful as the *spring*;
 The *thunder*, as the sun; a stagnate mass 485
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
 Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
 To nature's health, than purifying storms;
 The dread Volcano ministers to good.
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world. 490
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;

VOL. III.

C

And,

* Lucia.

And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;

Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band, 495

Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.

Amid my list of blessings infinite,

Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"

'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man;

When *pain* can't bless, heaven quits us in despair. 500

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,

Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;

Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;

Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.

May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness, 505

Till it has taught him how to bear it well,

By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile*!

Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;

Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.

My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands; 510

The Consolation cancels the Complaint,

And makes a convert of my guilty song.

And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,

A panting traveller some rising ground,

Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round, 515

And measures with his eye the various vales,

The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past;

And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,

Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;

Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent 520

The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;

Various, extensive, beaten but by view;

And,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 19

And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
 The Muse has stray'd ; and much of *sorrow* seen
 In human ways ; and much of *false* and *vain* ;
 Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss,
 O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept ;
 Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd ;
 Prov'd man *immortal* ; shew'd the *source of joy* ;
 The *grand tribunal* rais'd ; assign'd the bounds
 Of *human grief* : in *few*, to close the whole,
 The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
 Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
 In this our land of travel and of hope,
 For peace on *earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.

What then remains ? Much ! much ! a mighty debt
 To be discharg'd : these thoughts, O Night ! are thine ;
 From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
 In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd chear'd ; of her enamour'd less,
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
 Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?
 Where end ? Or how steal music from the spheres,
 To sooth their goddesses ?

O majestic Night !
 Nature's great ancestor ! *day's* elder-born !

And fated to survive the transient fun!

By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns, 555

An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,

Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train. 560

Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature's* most august,

Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,

Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung? 565

What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?

Creation, of archangels is the theme!

What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well

Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?

The soul of man, His face design'd to see, 570

Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,

Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,

On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse

Of thought, to rise to that exalted height

Of admiration, to contract that awe, 575

And give her whole capacities that strength,

Which best may qualify for *final* joy.

The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,

The deeper draught shall they receive of *heaven*.

Heaven's King! whose face unveil'd consummates

bliss; 580

Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,

The

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 21

The whole creation leaves in human hearts !
 Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
 Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres ; 585
 While of thy works *material* the Supreme
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song,
 Loose me from *earth's* inclosure, from the *sun's*
Contracted circle set my heart at large ;
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range 590
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd ;
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.
 Teach me with *art* great *nature* to control,
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*. 595
 Feel I thy kind assent ? and shall the *sun*
 Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song ?

Lorenzo ! come, and warm thee : thou, whose heart,
 Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh. 600
 Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port ;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
 Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main ;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore ;
 And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth ; 605
 And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms ?
 Thou *stranger* to the *world* ! thy tour *begin* ;
 Thy tour through *nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large, 610
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;

And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
 Who circles spacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
 Shall own, he never was from *home* before!

Come, my *Prometheus, from thy pointed rock 615
 Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
 We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
 And kindle our devotion at the *stars*;
 A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars, 620
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings, 625
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
 Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
 Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;

Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*. 630
 Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
 Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
 Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties
 To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
 And rise into sublimities of thought. 635

Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *nature's* birth,
 Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
 The *Stars* will light thee; though the *Moon* should fail.
 Where art thou, more benighted! more astray! 640

* Night the Eighth.

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 23

In ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *Night* inspires. 645

'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprize 650

An un-adept in mysteries of Night;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here 655
Exists *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here*?—Th' existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of *Æther*! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more, 660
Eternity is written in the skies.

And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *Thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
Of almost every vice; but chiefly *Thine*; 665
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.

Lorenzo! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*
Those tyrants I for Thee so * lately fought,

C 4

Afford

* Night the Eighth.

Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest. 670
 Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!

In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt, 675
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
 And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
 To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame, 680
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm 685
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
 Rushes omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
 Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
 To draw up man's *ambition* to himself, 690
 And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
 Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most applause,
 An *humble*, *pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
 Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long? 695

Nor stands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its repose,
 Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
 The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;

Sweet

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 25

Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd; 700

Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once,

Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,

None sins against the welfare of the whole;

But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,

Affords an emblem of *millennial* love. 705

Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,

Was e'er created solely for itself:

Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this

Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race, 710

Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!

Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found

As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;

'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,

Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*. 715

Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,

And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *clod*;

An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry, "Forbear,"

They chace our double darkness; *nature's* gloom, 720

And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *day's* amiable sister sends

Her invitation, in the softest rays

Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,

Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze. 725

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;

With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,

Which

Which gives those venerable scenes full weight, 730
 And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
 While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.

Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow, 735
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, This moment, feel;
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
 (Stupor ordained to make her truly wise!)
 Then into transport starting from her trance, 740
 With love, and admiration, how she glows!

This gorgeous apparatus! This display!
 This ostentation of creative power!
 This theatre!—what eye can take it in?

By what divine enchantment was it rais'd, 745
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore?

One sun by day, by night *Ten thousand* shine;
 And light us deep into the Deity;
 How boundless in magnificence and might! 750

O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 Form urns un-numbered, down the steep of heaven,
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!

Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
 My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts; 755
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
 Material offspring of Omnipotence!

Inanimate,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 27

Inanimate, all-animating birth ! 760

Work worthy *Him* who made it ! Worthy praise !

All praise ! praise *more* than human ! nor deny'd

Thy praise *Divine* !—But though man, drown'd in sleep,

With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake ;

Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard 765

By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,

In This His universal temple hung

With lustres, with innumerable lights,

That shed religion on the soul ; at once,

The *Temple*, and the *Preacher* ! O how loud 770

It calls devotion ! genuine growth of *night* !

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !

An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.

True ; All things speak a God ; but in the small,

Men trace out *Him* ; in great, *He* seizes man ; 775

Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills

With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.

Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all

Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?

What are these sons of wonder ? Say, proud arch, 780

(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)

Built with divine ambition ! in disdain

Of limit built ! built in the taste of heaven !

Vast concave ! ample dome ! vast thou design'd

A meet apartment for the Deity ?— 785

Not so ; That thought alone thy state impairs,

Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,

And streightens thy *diffusive* ; dwarfs the whole,

And makes an universe an *Orrery*.

But

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man, 790
 Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
 O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds; 795
 Shock'd æther's billows dash the distant skies;
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
 Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume 800
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprizing pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense*;
 For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine; 805
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
 In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
 But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought 810
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
 And are there, then, Lorenzo! Those, to whom
 Unseen, and Unexistent, are the same?
 And if incomprehensible is join'd, 815
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe*?
 Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
 All measure in His work; stretch'd out His line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?

Then

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 29

Then (as He took delight in wide extremes), 820
 Deep in the bosom of His universe,
 Dropt down that *reasoning* white, that insect, *man*,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in *himself*. 825
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend
 From *un-mysterious*? Things more elevate,
 Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
 More obvious than Created, to the grasp 830
 Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
 Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.
 Could we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;
 Or *He* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
 A God alone can comprehend a God; 835
Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
 Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
 The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing, 840
 And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this coast of heaven,
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
 But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath, 845
 In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!

Has

Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds 850
 To tell us, *He* resides above them All,
 In glory's unapproachable recess?
 And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy
 A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear 855
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
 Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole. 860
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
 Renounces *Reason*, or a God adores?
 Mankind was sent into the world to see:
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
 That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid. 865
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
 Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: She gave
 A make to man directive of his thought; 870
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
 Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight. 875

Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
 I see His *Ministers*; I see, diffus'd
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,
 Of various offices, of various plumes,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 31

In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad, 880
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
 Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
 Listening to catch the Master's least command,
 And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
 Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd 885
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! O'er each sphere
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,
 And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*, 890
 For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
 Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the *skies*
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind, 895
 As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
 These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
 On every beam we see, to walk with men. 900
 Aweful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories *Sense* surveys.
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
 With just attention is it view'd? We feel 905
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of *Man*.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, desarts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound

Of

Of subterranean, excavated grots, 910
 Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time*;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Ev'n *These* an aggrandizing impulse give;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights 915
 Ev'n *These* infuse.—But what of vast in *These*?
 Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in *Art*.—Vain *Art*! Thou pigmy power!
 How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness! What childish toys, 920
 Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy basen'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated *Capitals*! or Those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride; 925
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
 Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
 Yet *These* affect us in no common kind. 930
 What then the force of such superior scenes?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
 What awe from This the Deity has built?
 A *Good Man* seen, though silent, counsel gives:
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise: 935
 In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of God.
 Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!
 To man abandon'd, “*Hast thou seen the skies?*”

By
 (T
 To
 Ce
 See
 W
 An
 Slu
 Ray
 Th
 Wa
 Now
 And
 Hav
 And
 Now
 Wha
 Why
 His
 Ascen
 Prepo
 Lay
 Yet
 Were
 To gu
 No; t
 Of hu
 Tho
 Of str
 VOL

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 33

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design 940
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom 945
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,
 And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
 Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
 The miser earths his treasure; and the thief, 950
 Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
 Now *Plots*, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake;
 And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
 Havock and devastation they prepare,
 And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood. 955
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
 What shall I do!—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
 Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men. 960
 Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heaven;
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
 Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light? 965
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime
 Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wise*.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent

In theory sublime. O how unlike 970
 Those vermin of the night, this moment fung,
 Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
 Those antient sages, *Human* stars! They met
 Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*. 975
 The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and He of *Tusculum*,
 With him of *Corduba* (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and *Elysian*, walks,
 An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men, 980
 They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
 By Seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in Their bright footsteps here below;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
 There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*; 985
 Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
 More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.
 Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardour, ran 990
 The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.
 In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
 A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
 Our *Ardour* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.
 How monstrous This in *Morals*! Scarce more strange 995
 Would this *Phænomenon* in nature strike,
 A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
 What taught these heroes of the moral world?
 To these thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.

These

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 35

'These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee; 1000
 And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery :
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
That, *Virtue*, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
 The single base of *Virtue* built to heaven : 1005
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim :
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting God,
 As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :
That, *Mind* immortal loves immortal aims : 1010
That, boundless *Mind* affects a boundless *Space* :
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man. 1015
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *Night* inspir'd.

And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
 The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
 Delightful outlet of her prison *Here*!
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties 1020
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her powers;
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there; 1025
 But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
 Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her* own;
 Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,

And, like a master, judges not amiss. 1030
 Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air;
 And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise. 1035

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
 As *Earth* the body, since, the *Skies* sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call it, The noble pasture of the *Mind*;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults, 1040
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
 Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest, 1045
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response;
 And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense, 1050
 In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
 O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
 And rescued *Monarchs* from so black a guilt!
 Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe! 1055
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
 Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,

Bastile

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 37

Baffle thy Tutor : *Grandeur* all thy aim ? 1060

As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll !

And what it *seems*, it *is* : *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ; 1065
Those still more Godlike, as *These* more divine.

And *more* divine than *These*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end ! 1070
An Eden, this ! a Paradise *unlost* !

I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life* !
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taste ; 1075
No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here* ;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

Lorenzo ! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the skies, 1080
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial towers ;
Wisdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own. 1085
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use ;
Use rivals *Beauty* ; *Art* contends with *Power* ;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence ;
The great Oeconomist adjusting all

To prudent pomp, magnificently wise. 1090

How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !

And *newest* to the man that views it *most* ;

For newer still in infinite succeeds.

Then, these aërial racers, O how swift !

How the shaft loiters from the strongest string ! 1095

Spirit alone can distance the career.

Orb above orb ascending without end !

Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd !

Wheel, within wheel ; Ezekiel ! like to thine !

Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ; 1100

Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true* !

What involution ! what extent ! what swarms

Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth* ! immensely great !

Immensely distant from each other's spheres !

What, then, the wondrous *Space* through which they
roll ? 1105

At once it quite ingulphs all human thought ;

'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;

Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,

Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign. 1110

The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,

Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.

Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;

What knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dissolv'd ;

And set the seeming marry'd planets free ! 1115

They rove for ever, without error rove ;

Confusion unconfus'd ! nor less admire

This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !

In

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 39

In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !

What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd 1120

To silence, by the presence of their Lord ;

Or hush'd by *His* command, in love to man,

And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,

Restless themselves. On yon coerulean plain,

In exultation to *Their* God, and *Thine*, 1125

They dance, they sing eternal jubilee;

Eternal celebration of *His* praise.

But, since their *Song* arrives not at our ear,

Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight

Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless power. 1130

Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,

The circles intricate, and mystic maze,

Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* ;

To *Gods*, how great ! how legible to *Man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ? 1135

Where are the pillars that support the skies ?

What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props

Th' incumbent load ? what magic, what strange art,

In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains ?

Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?—

And so they are ; in the high will of heaven,

Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,

Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,

Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn 1145

The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad

And towering Alps, all tost into the sea ;

And, light as down, or volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
 In time, and measure, exquisite; while all 1150
 The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
 The concert swell, and animate the ball.
 Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
 In a far thinner element sustain'd, 1155
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,
 More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
 The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
 On which angelic delegates of heaven, 1160
 At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
 Discharge high trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
 To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize?
 Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks, 1165
 What full effusion of the grateful heart,
 Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
 A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
 It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey!
 Feels not Lorenzo something stir within, 1170
 That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
 The Godlike hope of ages without end.
 The boundless *Space*, through which these rovers take
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought 1175
 Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill,
 To man un-labour'd, that important guest,
 Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight*:

And

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 41

And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors, 1180
The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.

Thus, of thy creed a second article, 1185
Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought;
And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.

Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the guilt, illuminated, roof, 1190
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.

Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.
He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair, 1195

As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *Power*.

Thou muffled in delusions of this life! 1200

Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants she power

To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought 1205
From stagnating on *Earth's* infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?

Nay

Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth's* joy!
 Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*, 1210
 And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain
 Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
 The *Life* of life, the *Zest* of worldly bliss:
 All else on earth amounts—to what? To *This*:
 “Bad to be *Suffer'd*; blessings to be *Left*:” 1215
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
 O let me gaze!—Of gazing there 's no end.
 O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
 In mid-way flight imagination tires; 1220
 Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
 Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
 So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!
 A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
 Eat the same *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven. 1225
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
 So distant (says the sage), 't were not absurd
 To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature's* birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight. 1230
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll *for ever*: who can satiate sight
 In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
 Are lost in their extremes; and where to count 1235
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
 Now, go, *Ambition*! boast thy boundless might

In

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 43

In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles, 1240

To give his tottering faith a solid base.

Why call for less than is *already* thine?

Thou art no novice in theology;

What is a *Miracle*?—'Tis a reproach,

'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind; 1245

And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.

To common sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims

A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,

A *Miracle* is sent, as an alarm;

To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again, 1250

By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.

Say, which imports more plenitude of power,

Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?

To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career?

To countermand his orders, and send back 1255

The flaming courier to the frighted *East*,

Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?

Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,

In Ajalon's soft, flowery vale repose?

Great things are these; still greater, to *create*. 1260

From Adam's bower look down through the whole train

Of miracles;—resistless is their power?

They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,

Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,

If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen, 1265

If seen with *human* eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,

Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.

Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?"

The

The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of God.
 The miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest; 1270
 For say, could *Nature* *Nature's* course control?

But, miracles apart, who sees Him not,
Nature's Controler, Author, Guide, and End!
 Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
 But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene, 1275
 "What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
 "In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
 "Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
 "Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,
 "Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew, 1280
 "Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 "And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire?
 "Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
 Or, if the military style delights thee,
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
 "Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their names?
 "Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
 "Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
 "These veteran troops, their final duty done,
 "If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word, 1290
 Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
 In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
 In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
 And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field, 1295
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
 O let us join this army! joining these,
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 45

When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
 When these strong demonstrations of a God 1300
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one *eternal* curtain cover all!

Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
 To man still more propitious; and their aid 1305
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.

O ye *Dividers of my Time*! Ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair *Kalendar* distinctly mark'd! 1310

Since *that* authentic, radiant register,
 Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
 Since *You*, and years, roll on, though man stands still;
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond 1315
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.

Age smoothes our path to prudence; sweeps aside
 The snares keen *Appetite*, and passion, spread
 To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey-head,
 Whose *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done! 1320

Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thou,
 Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
 This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
 Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
 Life's rapid and irrevocable flight, 1325

With such an *Index* fair as none can miss,
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
 Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read

The

The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
 Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass 1330
 Of worldly wishes. *Time, Eternity !*
 ('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
 Set them before me ; let me lay them both
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
 Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is ; 1335
 And let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
 When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
 Gaze on creation's model in *Thy* breast
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ? 1340
 When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
 That travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off ?
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
 Obtain her *Apotheosis* in Thee ? 1345
 Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide ?
 No, 'tis directly striking at the mark ;
 To wake thy *dead devotion* * was my point ;
 And how I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
 Which to a *temple* turn an *universe* ; 1350
 Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
 And antidote the pestilential earth !
 In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,
 What an asylum has the soul in prayer !
 And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray ! 1355
 And what a God must dwell in such a fane !
 O what a genius must inform the skies !

And

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 47

And is Lorenzo's salamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?
O ye nocturnal sparks ! ye glowing embers, 1360
On heaven's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my song ;
Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,
So long posselt ; and bring him back to *man*. 1365

And is Lorenzo a demurrer *still* ?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
A *faithless* heart, how despicably small ! 1370
Too streight, aught great, or generous, to receive !
Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self* !
And self-mistaken ! self, that lasts an hour !
Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there ; or *they* alone, 1375
Reason apart, would wake high hope ; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
Where, *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly-great desire. 1380
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great* ;
Great, in its *wishes* ; great, in its *surveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend ;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace. 1385
A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth* ;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.

As

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
 All littleness is in approach to woe;
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide, 1390
 And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought
 From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
 Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;— 1395
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
 See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
 Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds, 1400
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of Providence.
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free! 1405
 This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*, 1410
 Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesses*,
 And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
 O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
 Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
 To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate, 1415
 With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
 And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.

Some

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 49

Some wish they *did*; but no man *disbelieves*.
 God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
 These gross, material organs; God by man
 As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
 In these astonishing exploits of power.
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
 Concertion of design, how exquisite!
 How complicate, in their divine police!
 Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!—
 Each attribute of these *material* gods,
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
 A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo! this may seem *barangue* to thee;
 Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
 And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
 Of this great master moral of the skies,
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there*?
 Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
 Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
 'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
 And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
 Retire;—the *world* shut out;—thy thoughts call
Imagination's airy wing repress;— [home;—
 Lock up thy *senses*;—let no *passion* stir;—
 Wake all to *reason*;—let *her* reign alone;
 Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth
 Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.

In nature's channel, thus the questions run.

"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know.

"But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude

"Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,

"*Nought* still had been: *eternal* there *must* be.

"But *what* *eternal*?—Why not *human* race?

"And Adam's ancestors without an end?—

"That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link

"Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;

"Can every *part* *depend*, and not the *whole*?

"Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise;

"I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

"Whence *earth*, and these bright *orbs*?—*Eternal* too?

"Grant *matter* was *eternal*; still these *orbs*

"Would want some other father;—much design

"Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;

"Design implies *intelligence*, and *art*;

"That can't be from *themselves*—or *man*; that *art*,

"Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow.

"And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—

"Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,

"Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?

"Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume

"Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

"Has *matter* *innate* motion? then each atom,

"Asserting its indisputable right

"To dance, would form an universe of dust:

"Has *matter* *none*? Then whence these glorious forms

"And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd*?

"Has *matter* *more* than motion? has it thought,

"Judgment,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 51

" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
 " In *mathematics*? Has it fram'd *such* laws,
 " Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—1480
 " If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
 " Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man*!
 " If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 " And that with greater far, than human skill;
 " Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—1485
 " Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;
 " That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
 " Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
 " Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
 " A being without origin, or end!— 1490
 " Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
 " Yet, why? On either scheme that knot subsists;
 " Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human* race;
 " If in the last, how many knots beside,
 " Indissoluble all?—Why chuse it *there*, 1495
 " Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
 " Reject it, where, *that* chosen; all the rest
 " Dispers'd, leave *reason's* whole horizon clear?
 " This is not reason's dictate; *reason* says,
 " Close with the side where *one* grain turns the scale; 1500
 " What vast preponderance is here! can reason
 " With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a God*?
 " And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
 " What things impossible must man think true,
 " On any other system! and how strange 1505
 " To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
 If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,

Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 And, if a God there is, that God how great! 1510
 How great that power, whose providential care
 Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
 Of *nature* universal threads the whole!

And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne! 1515

That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
 This distant *earth*! Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
 Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
 The suburbs of Creation? Where, the wall 1520

Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!
 Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
 His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
 Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more? 1525
 Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high

Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
 In characters illustrious as the sun,

"I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce

"The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd: 1530

"Shout, all ye gods! nor shout ye gods alone;

"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,

"That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths resound!

"Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!"

Hard are those questions!—Answer *harder* still. 1535
 Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,
 The solitary son of *power divine*?

Or

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 53

Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
 Impregnated the womb of distant *space*?
 Has *He* not bid, in various provinces, 1540
 Brother-Creations the dark bowels burst
 Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
 And *He* the central sun, transpiercing all
 Those *giant-generations*, which disport,
 And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray; 1545
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that *abyss of horror*, whence they sprung;
 While *Chaos* triumphs, reposselt of all
 Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne?
 Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave! 1550

Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide?
 Is this *extravagant*?—No; this is *just*;
 Just, in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact*.
 If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the Most-High. 1555
 But wherefore error? who can prove it such?—
 He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
 Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do*?
 Nothing, but *quite impossible* is *hard*.
He summons into being, with like ease, 1560
 A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge 1565
 The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts

With fuller admiration of *that power*,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
 Why not indulge in *His* augmented praise? 1570
 Darts not *His* glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
 Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
 And, though most *talkative*, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—1575
Experience, 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
 Have they not led us in the deep disclose
 Of fine-spun *nature*, exquisitely *small*,
 And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*? 1580
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?
Defect alone can err on such a theme;
 What is too great, if we the *cause* survey? 1585
 Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
 And finds herself but at the centre still!
 I Am, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own*!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd 1590
 "The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
 Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,
 As dares to deem one universe too small?
 Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows, 1595
 Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
 Is not this home creation, in the map

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 35

Of universal nature, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size, 1660
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of *un-built* space 1665
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less *northern*, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth 1670
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small. 1675
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him, 1680
Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can destroy. 1685
Beyond this *city*, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!

One infinite ! enough for man to range !
 One firmament, enough for man to read !
 O what voluminous instruction here !
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise ;
 Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble *patbos* in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts. 1635
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ; 1640
 Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
 Is *earth*, then, more infernal ? has she those,
 Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire* ?

Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
 Ne'er ask'd the *moon* one question ; never held 1645
 Least correspondence with a single star ;
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*,
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
 Engross'd his whole devotion ; *stars* malign, 1650
 Which made the fond *astronomer* run mad ;
 Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart* ;
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd 1655
 The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
 The blood to Jove !—O Thou, to whom belongs

All

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 57

All sacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd! Thy first volume, *this*,
 Divine Instructor! Thy first volume, *this*,
 For man's perusal; all in Capitals!
 In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;
 Who reads, can understand: 'Tis unconfin'd
 To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ,
 In language universal, to Mankind:
 A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
 Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
 A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks
 Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As pre-supposing his first lesson there,
 And scripture self a fragment, that unread.
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
 Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by Thee.

By Thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
 Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail?
 Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden beams
 Give us a new creation, and present
 The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
 Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
 Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
 Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
 Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
 Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
 Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And shew
 The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong
 These

These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
 To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
 I gaze around; I search on every side—1690
 O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
 As the chac'd hart, amid the desert waste,
 Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her,
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where? 1695
 Where blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne?
 Thou know'st; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
 The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing, 1700
 Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?
 A *star* His dwelling pointed out *below*.
 Ye *Pleiades*! *Arcturus*! *Mazaroth*!
 And thou, *Orion*! of still keener eye!
 Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves, 1705
 And bring them out of tempest into port!
 On which hand must I bend my course to find *Him*?
 These courtiers keep the secret of their King;
 I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
 I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale, 1710
 From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
 For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
 To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
 Till it arrives at the *Great Goal* of all.
 In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car, 1715
 From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
 How swift I mount! diminish'd *earth* recedes;

I pass

I pass the *moon*; and, from her farther side,
 Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
 Where, with his lifted tube, the subtil sage 1720
 His artificial, airy journey takes,
 And to *celestial* lengthens *human* fight,
 I pause at every *planet* on my road,
 And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
 Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring, 1725
 In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,
 With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
 Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
 Of independent, native lustre, proud;
 The souls of systems! and the lords of life, 1730
 Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now*?
 A wilderness of wonder burning round;
 Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
 Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
 Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun; 1735
 'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
 Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
 The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* sought
 For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher; 1740
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*),
 O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station here.
 Where am I?—Where is *earth*?—Nay, where art Thou,
 O *sun*?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—And are
 His boasted expeditions short to *mine*?—

To

To *mine*, how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
 A thousand systems! as a thousand grains! 1750
 So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
 How can man's curious spirit not enquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd? 1755
 " O ye, as distant from my little home,
 " As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
 " Far from my native element I roam,
 " In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
 " What province This, of *His* immense domain, 1760
 " Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
 " Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
 " A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
 " By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
 " To secondary gods, and half divine?— 1765
 " Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
 " Far other life you live, far other tongue
 " You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 " Than man. How various are the works of God!
 " But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here inthron'd, 1770
 " And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
 " Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd*?
 " Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 " And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
 " Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree, 1775
 " And ask their Adams—" *Who would not be wise?*"
 " Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd*?

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 61

- " And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?
 " Is This your final residence? if not;
 " Change you your scene, *translated*? or by *death*? 1780
 " And if by *death*; *what death*?—Know you *disease*?
 " Or horrid *war*?—With war, this fatal hour,
 " Europa groans (so call we a small field;
 " Where kings run mad). In *Our* world, Death deposes
 " *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age*; 1785
 " And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
 " As slow of execution, for dispatch
 " Sends forth *Imperial* butchers; bids them slay
 " Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),
 " And tofs him twice ten thousand at a meal. 1790
 " Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
 " With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god*?
 " And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain?—
 " But *You*, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross
 " Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad 1795
 " In fine-spun *Æther*, privileg'd to soar;
 " Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
 " The lot of man! How few of human race
 " By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
 " Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day 1800
 " Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
 " Raw candidates at school? And have you those
 " Who disaffect *Reversions*, as with *Us*?—
 " But what are *We*? You never heard of *Man*;
 " Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the universe! 1805
 " Where *Reason* (un-diseas'd with *You*) runs mad,
 " And nurses *Folly's* children as *her own*;
 " Fond

" Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 " Of Holiness, where reason is pronounc'd
 " Infallible; and thunders, like a god; 1810
 " Ev'n there, by Saints, the Dæmons are outdone;
 " What *These* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to right;
 " And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts;
 " Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.—
 " But *This*, how strange to You, who know not *Man*!
 " Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
 " Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
 " Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
 " To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
 " Who bruis'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent, 1820
 " Stain'd your pure crystal *Æther*, or let fall
 " A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 " O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 " Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
 " Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 " Nor wash'd in *Ocean*, as from Rome he past
 " To Britain's isle; too, too, conspicuous *There*?

But this is all digression: where is He,
 That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is He, 1830
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 He, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth*! or blest *Above*! 1835
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
 Where, your Great Master's orb? His planets, where?
 Those

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 63

Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning-stars*,
 First-born of Deity ! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off; 1840
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire ? 1845
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
 High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to *His* throne. 1850

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
 More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path, 1855
 That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
 Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble Love,
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *Science* fails. 1860
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plumbet in the depths
 Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
 Either to know, is an attempt that sets
 The wisest on a level with the fool. 1865
 To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here*!)
 Past doubt is deep philosophy *Above*;

Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
 For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
 (So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in All!
 In *Man*! in *Earth*! in more amazing *Skies*!
 Teaching this lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn—

“Not *deeply* to *discern*, not *much* to *know*,
 “Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore.” 1875

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
 Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
 Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.

From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
 Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! This; 1880
 Each of these stars is a religious house;

I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise;
 And heard *Hosannas* ring through every sphere,
 A seminary fraught with future gods.

Nature all o'er is *consecrated* ground,
 Teeming with growths immortal and divine. 1885

The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields.

With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
 Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if escap'd 1890

The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the *skies*.

And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
 When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,

And *triumph* in prostration to The Throne? 1895

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,

Ten

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 65

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All *Nature* sending incense to The Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of Our sphere? 1900

Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muse—Here turn we, and review 1905

Our past nocturnal landschape wide:—Then say,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?

“ O what a root! O what a branch, is here! 1910

“ O what a Father! What a Family!

“ Worlds! systems! and creations!—And creations,

“ In one agglomerated cluster, hung,

“ *Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;

“ The filial cluster! infinitely spread 1915

“ In glowing globes, with various being fraught;

“ And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.

“ Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)

“ A constellation of ten thousand gems,

“ (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!) 1920

“ Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand

“ Of Majesty Divine! The *blazing Seal*,

“ That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,

“ Indelible, *His* sovereign attributes,

“ Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, passing bound: 1925

“ And *This*, surpassing *That*. Nor stop we *Here*,

VOL. III.

F

“ For

* John xv. 1.

" For want of *Power* in God, but *Thought* in Man.
 " Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:
 " If *Greater* aught, That *Greater* all is *Thine*,
 " Dread Sire!—Accept this *Miniature* of Thee; 1930
 " And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
 " In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."
 How such ideas of th' Almighty's *Power*,
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought 1935
 Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
 The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
 In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
 How *low* must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore! 1940
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
 Did I not tell thee, " * We would mount, Lorenzo!
 " And kindle our devotion at the *Stars*?"
 And have I fail'd? And did I flatter thee?
 And art all adamant? And dost confute 1945
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile*?
 Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miserable *here*!
 Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them, swear,
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:
 Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*, shalt *rise*
 From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
 By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
 The *Stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—He can tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their birth; 1955
 Sons

Sons of *Deformity*! from fluid dregs
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
 And then, to spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;
 Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect* day.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
 From worse to better: but, when *Minds* ascend,
 Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
 Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
 The *voluntary* Little lessens more.
 O be a *Man*! and thou shalt be a *God*!
 And *Half Self-made*!—Ambition how divine!

O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
 Still undevout? Unkindled?—Though high-taught,
 School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
 Rank coward to the fashionable world!
 Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
 Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
 Pride in *Religion* is man's highest praise.
 Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
 Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
 A scene more sad *Sin* makes the darken'd soul,
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye,
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest

Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is This,
 To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it—
 " Though *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,
 " Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 " Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme; 1985
 " Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought;
 " *Creation* grasp; and not exclude its Sire"—
 To tell him farther—" It behoves him much
 " To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
 " Of being, brighter than a thousand suns: 1995
 " One single ray of *Thought* outshines them all."—
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise, 2000
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
 But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;
 Vain, and far worse!—Think Thou, with dying men;
 O *condescend* to think as angels think!
 O *tolerate* a chance for happiness!
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new astronomer! 2010
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night;
 Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
 Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
 How deep the darkness! and the groan, how loud! 2015

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 66

And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! Such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies. 2020

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me*;
My song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at nature's head,
" A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye, 2025
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
" But, above all, diffuses endless good;
" To *whom*, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;
" The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
" By *whom*, the various tenants of these spheres, 2030
" Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
" Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
" At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;
" Where conflict past redoubles present joy; 2035
" And present joy looks forward on increase;
" And That, on more; no period! every step
" A double boon! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."

How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts!
It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires; 2040
Passion is pleas'd; and *Reason* asks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is *Thine*?
It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport 2045

Of *Fortune*; then the morsel of *Despair*.

Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)

What's *Vice*?—Mere want of compass in our thought.

Religion, what?—The proof of *Common-sense*.

How art thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails! 2050

Is it *my* fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool*?

And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.

Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?

And art thou *ſtill* an infect in the mire?

How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown; 2055

Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee through all

Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,

Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd

On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;

Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God; 2060

And almoſt introduc'd thee to The Throne!

And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,

Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere froth,

And then ſubſiding into final gall?

To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make, 2065

How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!

Such joy, *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms*!

And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;

And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe

(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet) 2070

To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,

Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own*?

For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,

And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;

For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault, 2075

Conſcience

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 71

Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O thou most Aweful Being ; and most Vain !

Thy will, how *frail* ! how *glorious* is thy power !

Though dread Eternity has sown her seeds

Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ; 2080

Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice ;

A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.

Is This the picture of a rational ?

This horrid image, shall it be most just ?

Lorenzo ! No : it cannot,—*shall* not, be, 2085

If there is force in *Reason* ; or, in *Sounds*

Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,

A magic, at this planetary hour,

When *slumber* locks the general lip, and dreams

Through senseless mazes hunt souls *un-inspir'd*. 2090

Attend—The sacred mysteries begin----

My solemn *Night-born* adjuration hear ;

Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;

While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new* :

Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine ! 2095

“ By *Silence*, Death's peculiar attribute ;

“ By *Darkness*, Guilt's inevitable doom ;

“ By *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, sisters dread !

“ That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,

“ And raise ideas, solemn as the scene ! 2100

“ By Night, and all of awful, night presents

“ To *Thought* or *Sense* (of awful much, to both,

“ The goddess brings) ! By these her trembling *Fires*,

“ Like *Vesta's*, ever-burning ; and, like *hers*,

“ Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure ! 2105

- " By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
 " And press thee to revere, the Deity;
 " Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
 " To reach *his* throne; as *stages* of the soul,
 " Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
 " Refining gradual, for her final height,
 " And purging off some dross at every sphere!
 " By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
 " By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
 " From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever; 2115
 " Sad preface to vain boasters, now in bloom!
 " By the long list of swift mortality,
 " From Adam downward to this evening knell,
 " Which midnight waves in *fancy's* startled eye;
 " And shocks her with an hundred centuries, 2120
 " Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human
 " thought!
 " By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
 " And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
 " By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
 " Ejected, to make room for—human earth; 2125
 " The monarch's *terror*! and the sexton's *trade*!
 " By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
 " The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
 " Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
 " Boast of our *ruin*! triumph of our *dust*! 2130
 " By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
 " And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
 " *More* ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
 " By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 " The

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 73

" The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave ! 2135

" By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan

" For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,

" Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !

" By guilt's last audit ! By yon *moon* in blood,

" The rocking firmament, the falling stars, 2140

" And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !

" By Second *chaos* ; and Eternal *night*"—

Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my *charm* ;

But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,

Love to the living ; *duty* to the dead. 2145

For know I'm but executor ; *be* left

This moral legacy ; *I* make it o'er

By *his* command ; Philander hear in me ;

And heaven in both.—If deaf to these, Oh ! hear

Florello's tender voice ; *his* weal depends 2150

On *thy* resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;

For *his* sake—love *thyself* : example strikes

All human hearts ; a *bad* example more ;

More still a father's ; that ensures his ruin.

As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove 2155

The unnatural parent of his miseries,

And make him curse the being which thou gavest ?

Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father ?

If careless of Lorenzo ! spare, Oh ! spare

Florello's father, and Philander's friend ! 2160

Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;

And from Philander's friend the world expects

A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.

Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should ;

Let

Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid 2165
To *reason*; and persuade thee to be---blest.

This seems not a request to be deny'd;
Yet (such the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
Shall I then rise, in argument, and warmth? 2170

And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?-----
But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!---Nor strange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!

To which my great Creator's glory call'd: 2175
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lips, and *promises*
My long arrear of rest; the *downy* god
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)

Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose. 2180
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence *sorrow* never chac'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest; 2185

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.

When tir'd with vain rotations of the day, 2190
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?

—"THOU

—“ THOU only know’st, 2195

“ Thou, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,

“ Joins to the *present*; making one of *three*

“ To moral thought! Thou know’st, and Thou alone,

“ All-knowing--! all-unknown!--and yet well-known!

“ Near, though remote! and, though unfathom’d, felt!

“ And, though invisible, for ever seen!

“ And seen in all! the *great* and the *minute*:

“ Each globe above, with its gigantic race,

“ Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm’d,

“ (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!) 2205

“ To the first thought, that asks, “ *From whence?*”

“ declare

“ Their common source. Thou Fountain, running o’er

“ In rivers of communicated joy!

“ Who gav’st us speech for far, far humbler themes!

“ Say, by what name shall I presume to call 2210

“ Him I see burning in these countless suns,

“ As Moses, in the *bush*? Illustrious Mind!

“ The whole creation, less, far less, to Thee,

“ Than *that* to the creation’s ample round.

“ How shall I name Thee?—How my labouring soul

“ Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

“ Great system of perfections! mighty cause

“ Of causes mighty! cause uncaus’d! sole root

“ Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!

“ First Father of *effects*! that progeny 2220

“ Of endless series; where the golden chain’s

“ Last link admits a period, who can tell?

“ Father of all that is or heard, or hears!

“ Father

- " Father of all that is or seen, or sees !
 " Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise ! 2225
 " Father of this immeasurable mass
 " Of *matter* multiform ; or dense, or rare ;
 " Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at rest ;
 " Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme
 " Of like amaze, and mystery, to man. 2230
 " Father of these bright millions of the *night* !
 " Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 " And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 " Is appellation higher still, Thy choice ?
 " Father of *matter's* temporary lords ! 2235
 " Father of *spirits* ! nobler offspring ! sparks
 " Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd
 " With various measures, and with various modes
 " Of *instinct*, *reason*, *intuition* ; beams
 " More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break 2240
 " The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
 " Of all *created* spirit) ; beams, that rise
 " Each over other in superior light,
 " Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 " Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond 2245
 " (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 " Of *intellectual* beings ! beings blest
 " With powers to please Thee ; not of passive ply
 " To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
 " Of well-adapted joys, in different domes 2250
 " Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 " Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee :
 " Whose

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 77

- " Whose several clans their several climates suit;
 " And transposition, doubtless, would destroy. 2255
 " Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
 " A title, less august indeed, but more
 " Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
 " Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
 " *Father of immortality to man!* 2260
 " A theme that * lately set my soul on fire—
 " And Thou the Next! yet equal! Thou, by whom
 " *That* blessing was convey'd; far more! was *bought*;
 " Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
 " Were made; and one, redeem'd! illustrious Light
 " From Light illustrious! Thou, whose *regal* power,
 " Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 " On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 " O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
 " Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of gods! 2270
 " And Oh! the *Friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
 " And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 " All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 " Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 " Through the short channels of expiring *time*, 2275
 " Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 " Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes),
 " In absolute subjection!---And, O Thou
 " The glorious Third! distinct, not separate!
 " Beaming from *Both*! with Both incorporate; 2280
 " And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
 " By condescension, as Thy glory, great,
 " *Enshrin'd*

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

- " Enshrin'd in man ! of human hearts, if pure,
 " Divine inhabitant ! the tie divine
 " Of heaven with distant earth ! by whom I trust, 2285
 " (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
 " To Thee, to Them—To whom ?--Mysterious Power!
 " Reveal'd---yet unreveal'd ! darkness in light ;
 " Number in unity ! our Joy ! our Dread !
 " The *Triple Bolt* that lays all wrong in ruin ! 2290
 " That animates all right, the *Triple Sun* !
 " Sun of the soul ! her never-setting Sun !
 " Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
 " Absconding, yet Demonstrable, Great God !
 " Greater than Greatest ! Better than the Best ! 2295
 " Kinder than kindest ! with soft *pity's* eye,
 " Or (stronger still to speak it) with *Thine Own*,
 " From Thy bright home, from that high Firmament,
 " Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
 " Beyond archangels unassisted ken ; 2300
 " From far above what mortals highest call ;
 " From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,
 " Through--What ? confounding interval ! through all
 " And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive ;
 " Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ; 2305
 " Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 " Round various banners of Omnipotence,
 " With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd ;
 " Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
 " All clustering at the call, to dwell in Thee ; 2310
 " Through this wide waste of worlds ! this *vista* vast,
 " All fanded o'er with suns ; suns turn'd to night
 " Before

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 79

" Before *thy* feeblest beam--Look down--down--down,
 " On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,
 " Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes. 2315
 " His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
 " Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
 " Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 " May see the sun (though night's descending scale
 " Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unblest! 2320
 " In *Thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain;
 " Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me *now*;
 " And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 " Though transient, terrible; at *Thy* good hour,
 " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed, 2325
 " My *clay-cold bed*! by nature, now, so near;
 " By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
 " Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
 " Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
 " Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear; 2330
 " That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 " My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
 " O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*, 2335
 " First, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*--
 " *Man's* sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
 " From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee:
 " Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;
 " On Thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down 2340
 " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 " Nor of *that* pillow shall my soul despond;

" For

- " For---Love almighty ! Love almighty ! (sing,
 " Exult, creation !) Love almighty, reigns !
 " That death of *death* ! that cordial of *despair* ! 2345
 " And loud Eternity's triumphant song !
 " Of whom, no more:--For, O Thou Patron-God !
 " Thou *God* and *Mortal* ! Thence *more* God to man !
 " Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !
 " Thou canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*. 2350
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,
 " Who, disembrosm'd from the Father, bows
 " The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth !
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 " Against the *Cross*, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks ! 2355
 " From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey !
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes* !
 " Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
 " Deputes their *suffering brothers* to receive !
 " And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ; 2360
 " As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair* !
 " Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice* !
 " And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 " * *Takes his delights among the sons of men.*"

What words are these---And did they come from
 heaven ? 2365

And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?
 What are all mysteries to love like this ?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound ;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart ; 2370
 Though

* Prov. chap. viii.

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 81

Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night :
 Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy !
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral Muse,
 How justly * *titled*? nor for me alone : 2375
 For all that read ; what spirit of support,
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song !

Then, farewell Night ! of darkness, now, no more :
 Joy breaks ; shines ; triumphs ; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain 2380
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?

My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;
 True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death* ! 2385
 The *thought* of death, sole victor of its dread !

Hope, be thy joy ; and *probity* thy skill ;
 Thy *patron* He, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heaven ; *Eternity*, thy prize :

And leave the racers of the *world* their own, 2390
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :
 They part with all for that *which is not bread* ;
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power ;
 And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.

How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth, 2395
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
 The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,

VOL. III.

G

Whose

* The Consolation.

Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves! 1400
 And when our *present privilege* is past,
 To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
 'The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*;
 Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
 For what, my small philosopher! is *hell*?
 'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
 When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
 And calls Eternity to do her right. 1410

Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred *silence* whispering truths divine,
 And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
 'Tis pride, to praise her; penance to perform. 1420
 To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
 And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
 Which sets that title high within thy reach.

Awake,

THE COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. 33

Awake, then : thy Philander calls : awake !
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire ; 2430
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd ;
And Midnight, *Universal* Midnight ! reigns.

RESIGNATION

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

G 2

RESIG-

A waker then, thy Partner calls, who asks
 Then, who that waker, when the reason sleeps,
 When, like a taper, all their sense expires;
 When Time, like him of Gaea in his wand,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In Nature's ample realm lies interred;
 And Midnight, Universal Midnight, reigns
 O'er all the world, and all the world is dead.
 The waker then, thy Partner calls, who asks
 Then, who that waker, when the reason sleeps,
 When, like a taper, all their sense expires;
 When Time, like him of Gaea in his wand,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In Nature's ample realm lies interred;
 And Midnight, Universal Midnight, reigns
 O'er all the world, and all the world is dead.

END OF THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

4 AP 54

RALPH

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

"My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow
"and fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with
"joyful lips."

PSALM lxiii. 6.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the Public; there were many and strong reasons against it; and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to his will; nor are any of those topics declined, which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue: such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.



RESIGNATION.
PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place !

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd ; and yet,
In life's delusions hull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget :

And am not I to these akin ?

Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes ;
And am I writing still ?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts ;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults ;

Permit me, Madam ! ere to You

The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many funs have roll'd :

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoic'd
His second world to see ;
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread ;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead ;
And with them dy'd my joys ; the grave
Has broken nature's laws ;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws ;
Cruel to spare ! condemn'd to life !
A cloud impairs my sight ;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? Thalia, tell ;
Say, long-abandon'd Muse !
What field of fancy shall I range ?
What subject shall I chuse ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond :

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,
Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain;
Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.
O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains;
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
And every Poet's pains,
Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!
All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious consummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light:
How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to discern,
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest, which we learn;

YOUNG'S POEMS.

A melancholy truth ! for know,
 Could our proud hearts resign,
 The distance greatly would decrease
 'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
 Full urgent is my call.

To soften sorrow, and forbid
 The bursting tear to fall ;

The task I tread ; dare I to leave
 Of humble prose the shore,
 And put to sea ? a dangerous sea ?
 What throngs have sunk before !

How proud the poet's billow swells !
 The God ! the God ! his boast :

A boast how vain ! What wrecks abound !
 Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I ? Shall I presume,
 On such a moulten wing,

Above the general wreck to rise,
 And in my winter, sing ;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards
 Confine their charming song

To summer's animating heats,
 Content to warble young ?

Yet, write I must ; a * Lady sues ;
 How shameful her request !

My brain in labour for dull rhyme !
 Her's teeming with the best !

But

* Mrs. M——.

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.
The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you;
Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent asunder, how they bleed;
How hard to be resign'd:
Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.
But what can heart, or head, suggest?
What sad experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:
What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.
Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes,
In sore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
 Forbids pale fear to hide,
 Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
 Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail ! train'd up by sense,
 From reason's channel strays :
 And whilst it blindly points at peace,
 Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
 From daily-dying flowers,
 To nourish rich immortal blooms,
 In amaranthine bowers ;

Whence throngs, in extasy, look down
 On what once shock'd their sight ;
 And thank the terrors of the past
 For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
 Are losers by their gain,
 Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
 Life's idle All is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream ;
 Did not its course offend,
 But murmur cease ; life, then, would seem
 Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched ! who, through cruel fate,
 Have nothing to lament !
 With the poor alms this world affords
 Deplorably content !

Had

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
 His wish had been most wise;
 To be content with but one world,
 Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
 A full account, and fair?
 We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
 The total up——

Despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
 Embrace the lot assign'd;
 Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
 Its strokes severe, most kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
 Blind error domineers;
 And on fools errands, in the dark,
 Sends out our hopes and fears;
 Bids us for ever pains deplore,
 Our pleasures overprize;
 These oft persuade us to be weak;
 Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right
 By pleasure are we brought
 To flowery fields of wrong, and there
 Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
 If folly is withstood;
 And says, time pays an easy price,
 For our eternal good,
 In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
 And in delusion great,
 What an oeconomist is man,
 To spend his whole estate,
 And beggar an eternity!
 For which, as he was born,
 More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
 As feathers he should scorn.
 Say not, your loss in triumph leads
 Religion's feeble strife;
 Joys future amply reimburse
 Joys bankrupts of this life.
 But not deferr'd your joy so long,
 It bears an early date;
 Affliction's ready pay in hand,
 Befriends our present state;
 What are the tears, which trickle down
 Her melancholy face,
 Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
 They purchase lasting peace.
 Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
 Impetuous passion tames,
 And keeps insatiate, keen desire
 From launching in extremes.

Through

RESIGNATION. PART I. 95

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,

If our dim eye was thrown,

Clear should we see, the will divine

Has but forestall'd our own;

At variance with our future wish,

Self-sever'd we complain;

If so, the wounded, not the wound,

Must answer for the pain:

The day shall come, and swift of wing,

Though you may think it slow,

When, in the list of fortune's smiles,

You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;

This course it has pursued:

"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,

"Of sound, important good:"

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world

By strong and endless ties;

And every sorrow cuts a string,

And urges us to rise:

'Twill sound severe—Yet rest assur'd

I'm studious of your peace;

Though I should dare to give you joy—

Yes, joy of his decease:

An hour shall come (you question this)

An hour, when you shall bless,

Beyond the brightest beams of life,

Dark days of your distress.

Hear

Hear then without surprize a truth,
 A daughter-truth to this,
 Swift turns of fortune often tie
 A bleeding heart to bliss:
 Esteem you this a paradox?
 My sacred motto read;
 A glorious truth! divinely sung
 By one, whose heart had bled;
 To Resignation swift he flew,
 In her a friend he found,
 A friend, which blest him with a smile,
 When gasping with his wound.
 On earth nought precious is obtain'd
 But what is painful too;
 By travel, and to travel born,
 Our sabbaths are but few:
 To real joy we work our way,
 Encountering many a shock,
 Ere found what truly charms; as found
 A Venus in the block.
 In some disaster, some severe
 Appointment for our sins;
 That mother blessing (not for call'd),
 True happiness, begins.
 No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
 By stings of life unvest;
 First rose some quarrel with this world,
 Then passion for the next.

You

You see, then, pangs are parent pangs, And

The pangs of happy birth;

Pangs, by which only can be born

True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,

Or through time's records run;

And say, what is a man unstruck?

It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung—

My bold pretence is try'd;

When vain man boasts, Heaven puts to proof

The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your support.—

How exquisite the smart!

How critically tim'd the * news

Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel:

If worth like thine, is born,

O long-belov'd! I bless the blow,

And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdued

By reason's empire shown;

Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,

Continues by our own;

VOL. III.

H

And

* Whilst the Author was writing This, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.

And when continued past its point,
 Indulg'd in length of time,
 Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
 Corrupts into a crime :

And shall I, criminally mean,
 Myself and subject wrong ?
 No; my example shall support
 The subject of my song.

Madam ! I grant your loss is great ;
 Nor little is your gain ;
 Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
 It richly pays your pain ;

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end ;
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a Friend.

But such a friend ! and sigh no more ?
 'Tis prudent ; but severe :
 Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop,
 All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth,
 I should not vainly strive,
 But with soft balm your pain assuage,
 Had he been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
 In my distress of thought,
 Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
 And beautify'd a fault :

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair ;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, smooth address ;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of distress :

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Esculapian art :
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love
Plays disaffection's part :

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide ;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are deny'd :

Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
Is not your love severe ?
O ! stop that crystal source of woe ;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive encrease of joy ;
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy ?

He lives in those he left ;—to what?
 Your, now, paternal care,
 Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
 It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
 But those, I trust, of mind ;
 Auspicious to the public weal,
 And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd ;
 Revolve his battles won ;
 And let those prophesy your joy
 From such a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?
 Fan, then, his martial fire ;
 And animate to flame the sparks
 Bequeath'd him by his fire :

As nothing great is born, in haste,
 Wise nature's time allow ;
 His father's laurels may descend,
 And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam ! be surpriz'd to hear
 That laurels may be due
 Not more to heroes of the field,
 (Proud boasters !) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,
 Like that brave man you mourn,
 You are a soldier, and to fight
 Superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far
 Than ever was unroll'd
 In fields of blood, a banner bright!
 High-way'd o'er all the world,
 It, like a streaming meteor, casts
 An universal light;
 Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
 On nations whelm'd in night.
 Beneath that banner, what exploit
 Can mount our glory higher,
 Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
 When those we love expire?
 Go forth a moral Amazon;
 Arm'd with undaunted thought;
 The battle won, though costing dear
 You'll think it cheaply bought:
 The passive hero, who sits down
 Unactive, and can smile
 Beneath affliction's galling load,
 Out-acts a Cæsar's toil:
 The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
 Inferior praise afford;
 Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
 More glorious than the sword.
 Nor can the thunder of huzzas
 From shouting nations, cause
 Such sweet delight, as from your heart
 Soft whispers of applause:

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
 With what delight he'll view
 His triumphs on the main outdone,
 Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,
 Share his delight; take heed to shun
 Of bosoms most diseas'd
 That odd distemper, an absurd
 Reluctance to be pleas'd:
 Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
 And that foul fiend embrace:
 This temper let me justly brand,
 And stamp it with disgrace:
 Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
 Thou second-born of hell!
 Against heaven's endless mercies pour'd
 How dar'st thou to rebel?
 From black and noxious vapours bred,
 And nurs'd by want of thought,
 And to the door of frenzy's self
 By perseverance brought,
 Thy most inglorious, coward tears
 From brutal eyes have ran;
 Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
 Are radiant marks of man;
 They cast a sudden glory round
 Th' illumin'd human face;
 And light in sons of honest joy
 Some beams of Moses' face:

RESIGNATION. PART I. 103

Is resignation's lesson hard?

Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind;

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause? how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love?

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloomy
To range at large its vast domain;
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done;
Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;
Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.
But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;
Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.
What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd:
Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man

RESIGNATION. PART I. 105

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please;
To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.
One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong;
That heaven in man delights:
What 's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;
What 's Revelation then? a list,
An inventory just
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.
What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere:
Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise :

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Power,
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd;

Be gone, ignoble grief!

'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts;

Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,

And his due distance know;

Transport 's the language of the skies,

Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain

Is joy and virtue too;

Thus, whilst good present we possess

More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,

The more have we to come;

Joy, like our money, interest bears,

Which daily swells the sum.

" But how to smile; to stem the tide

" Of nature in our veins;

" Is it not hard to weep in joy?

" What then to smile in pains?

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,

And struggles through a storm;

Proclaims the mind as great, as good;

And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,

A sex, by nature, bold;

What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,

Triumphant o'er our gold.

And

And should not this complaint redress?
 And check the rising sigh?
 Yet farther opiate to your pain
 I labour to supply.
 Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
 Ideas of delight,
 Look through the medium of a friend,
 To set your notions right:
 As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
 Its object dark appears;
 True friendship, like a rising sun,
 The soul's horizon clears.
 A friend's an optick to the mind
 With sorrow clouded o'er;
 And gives it strength of sight to see
 Redress unseen before.
 Reason is somewhat rough in man;
 Extremely smooth and fair,
 When she, to grace her manly strength,
 Assumes a female air:
 A * Friend you have, and I the same,
 Whose prudent, soft address
 Will bring to life those healing thoughts
 Which dy'd in your distress;
 That friend, the spirit of my theme
 Extracting for your ease,
 Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
 Too common; such as these;

Let

* Mrs. Montague.

RESIGNATION. PART I. 109

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
 Of sparkling joys are given;
 That triple bane inebriates life,
 Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:
 Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
 'Tis brewing perfect pains;
 Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king;
 Despotic body reigns:
 Have you * ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
 And deem'd their glory dark?
 Alas! poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
 And quite mistakes her mark:
 Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
 But sorrow well subdued;
 And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
 By meek, unborrow'd good.
 By Resignation; all in that
 A double friend may find,
 A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
 The pillow of mankind:
 On pillows void of down, for rest
 Our restless hopes we place;
 When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
 Our hearts repose in peace:
 The peace, which resignation yields,
 Who feel alone can guess;
 'Tis disbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
 They must conclude it less:

The

* Mrs. Montague.

The loss, or gain, of that alone
 Have we to hope, or fear;
 That fate controls, and can invert
 The seasons of the year :
 O! the dark days, the year around,
 Of an impatient mind!
 Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
 To shine on the resign'd :
 While man by that of every grace,
 And virtue, is possess'd ;
 Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
 In the rebellious breast ;
 By Resignation we defeat
 The worst that can annoy ;
 And suffer, with far more repose,
 Than worldlings can enjoy.
 From small experience this I speak ;
 O! grant to those I love
 Experience fuller far, ye powers
 Who form our fates above !
 My love where due, if not to those
 Who, leaving grandeur, came
 To shine on age in mean recess,
 And light me to my theme !
 A theme themselves ! A theme, how rare !
 The charms, which they display,
 To triumph over captive heads,
 Are set in bright array :

With

RESIGNATION. PART. I. 111

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
 His boasted laurels die:
 Learning and genius, wiser grown,
 To female bosoms fly.
 This revolution, fix'd by fate,
 In fable was foretold;
 The dark prediction puzzled wits,
 Nor could the learn'd unfold:
 But as those * ladies works I read,
 They darted such a ray,
 The latent sense burst out at once,
 And shone in open day:
 So burst, full-ripe, distended fruits,
 When strongly strikes the sun;
 And from the purple grape unpress'd
 Spontaneous nectars run.
 Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
 Forsook his drowsy brain;
 And sprightly leap'd into the throne
 Of wisdom's brighter reign;
 Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
 Of formidable wit;
 And lance,—or, genius most acute,
 Which lines immortal writ;
 And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
 Man's folly, dreadful shone,
 And many a blockhead (easy change!)
 Turn'd, instantly, to stone.

Our

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

42 YOUNG'S POEMS.

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
 Now scratch a damag'd head,
 And call for what once quarter'd there,
 But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !
 That once forbidden tree,
 Hedg'd-in by surly man, is now
 To Britain's daughters free :

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
 The noble thirst began ;
 And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
 A fall of fame in man :

And since of genius in our sex,
 O Addison ! with thee
 The sun is set, how I rejoice
 This sister lamp to see !

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
 On man's nocturnal state ;
 His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
 I show, whilst I relate.

RESIGNA-

RESIGNATION.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns !

“ In ruffling seasons to be calm,

“ And smile, when fortune frowns.”

Heaven's choice is safer than our own ;

Of ages past enquire,

What the most formidable fate ?

“ To have our own desire.”

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes

You wish extremely ill ;

Expose him to the thunder's stroke,

Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep

Of inclination strong,

Have perish'd in their ardent wish !

Wish ardent, ever wrong !

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,

Most wrong, as it implies

Error most fatal in our choice,

Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make

Omnipotence our own ;

That done, how formidable ill's

Whole army is o'erthrown ?

No longer impotent, and frail,
 Ourselves above we rise :
 We scarce believe ourselves below !
 We trespass on the skies !

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
 Whilst man enjoys his ease,
 Is executing human will,
 In earth, and air, and seas ;
 Beyond us, what can Angels boast ?
 Archangels what require ?
 Whate'er below, above, is done,
 Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
 Whose life is but a span ?
 This is meridian majesty !
 This, the sublime of man !

Beyond the boast of pagan song
 My sacred subject shines ;
 And for a soil the lustre takes
 Of Rome's exalted lines.

“ All, that the sun surveys, subdued,
 “ But Cato's mighty mind.”

How grand ! most true ; yet far beneath
 The soul of the Resign'd :

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
 To passion that gives law ;
 Its matchless empire could have kept
 Great Cato's pride in awe ;

That

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to heaven the rest;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest Martyrs souls
Ascended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;

How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!

His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
My sole asylum, thou!

Haste, then, O Resignation ! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me ; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile :

O ! for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death :

What sight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has most of Heaven to boast ?
The man resign'd ; at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At death's arrival they shall smile,
Who, not in life oe'r-gay,
Serious, and frequent thought send out
To meet him on his way :

My gay Coævals ! (such there are)
If happiness is dear ;
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear :

The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher ;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire :

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise ;
Shock'd, when beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies :

But

But am not I myself the man ?

No need abroad to roam

In quest of faults to be chastis'd ;

What cause to blush at home !

In life's decline, when men relapse

Into the sports of youth,

The second child out-fools the first,

And tempts the last of truth ;

Shall a mere truant from the grave

With rival boys engage ?

His trembling voice attempt to sing,

And ape the poet's rage ?

Here, Madam ! let me visit one,

My fault who, partly, shares,

And tell myself, by telling him,

What more becomes our years ;

And if your breast with prudent zeal

For resignation glows,

You will not disapprove a just

Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire ! our foibles plead

For some indulgence due ;

When heads are white, their thoughts and aims

Should change their colour too :

How are you cheated by your wit !

Old age is bound to pay,

By nature's law, a mind discreet,

For joys it takes away ;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
 Reversing human lot;
 In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
 Its praise to be forgot;

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
 And all their charms expose,
 When evening damps, and shades descend,
 Their evolutions close.

What though your Muse has nobly soar'd,
 Is that our true sublime?

Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
 Eternity to time:

Why close a life so justly fam'd

With such bold trash as * this?

This for renown? yes, such as makes
 Obscurity a bliss:

Your trash, with mine, at open war,

Is † obstinately bent,

Like wits below, to sow your tares

Of gloom, and discontent:

With so much sunshine at command,

Why light with darkness mix?

Why dash with pain our pleasure? why

Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds

Repugnant passions raise,

Confound us with a double stroke,

We shudder whilst we praise;

A curious

* Candide.

† Second Part.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire :

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late ;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate ;

A fate how much to be deplor'd !
At which our nature starts ;
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts :

" But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save ?

But fame you lose ; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim ;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame ;

Nor boast your genius, talents bright,

Ev'n dunces will despise,

If in your western beams is mis'd

A genius for the skies ;

Your taste too fails ; what most excels.

True taste must relish most ;

And what, to rival palms above,

Can proudest laurels boast ?

Sound heads salvation's * helmet seek,

Resplendent are its rays,

Let that suffice ; it needs no plume,

Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire

To see that—† “ All is right,”

His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,

Restoring to its sight ;

If so, all 's well : who much have err'd,

That much have been forgiven ;

I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,

“ Voltaires are, now, in heaven.”

Nay, such philanthropy divine,

So boundless in degree,

Its marvellous of love extends

(Stoop most profound !) to me :

Let others cruel stars arraign,

Or dwell on their distress ;

But let my page, for mercies pour'd,

A grateful heart express :

Walking,

* Ephes. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

RESIGNATION. PART II. 221

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they shine,
Chase darkness from my soul;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

A world, that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care!
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share;
Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell:
When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:
Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he pursued;
My heart astray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;
Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill!
How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.
Have I not sometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

RESIGNATION. PART II. 123

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found

My plan's defeat to blefs ;

Oft I lamented an event ;

It turn'd to my fuccels.

By sharpen'd appetite to give

To good intenfè delight,

Through dark and deep perplexities

He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,

Which you are treading now ?

The path moft gloomy leads to light,

When our proud paffions bow :

When labouring under fancy'd ill,

My fpirits to fustain,

He kindly cur'd with fovereign draughts.

Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd fenfe from fancy's tyranny

Alone can fet us free ;

A thoufand miferies we feel,

Till funk in mifery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wifh,

Our wifh we relifh lefs ;

Succels, a fort of fuidide,

Is ruin'd by fuccels :

Sometimes he led me near to death,

And, pointing to the grave,

Bid terror whifper kind advice ;

And taught the tomb to fave :

To

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines;
A record, modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end;

But human prudence too must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From chaos, and old night;

From what seem'd horror, and despair,
 The richest harvest rose ;
 And gave me in the nod divine
 An absolute repose.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
 More gross, or frequent, none,
 Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
 Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade ?

It says, that near you lies

A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,

Which you should greatly prize :

Of self-perusal, science rare !

Few know the mighty gain ;

Learn'd Prelates, self-unread, may read

Their Bibles o'er in vain :

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself

(So sages tell us) came,

What is it, but a daughter fair

Of my maternal theme ?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men

An oracle might find,

Would they consult their own contents,

The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom ; there you 'll meet

A revelation new,

A revelation personal,

Which none can read but you ;

There

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,—
“ Ev'n be content with God.”

Through love He gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state;

His

His eye, this instant, reads your heart ;
 A truth less obvious hear ;
 This instant its most secret thoughts
 Are sounding in his ear :

Dispute you this ? O ! stand in awe,
 And cease your sorrow ; know,
 That tear, now trickling down, He saw
 Ten thousand years ago ;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
 Your temper reconcile
 To reason's bound, will he behold
 Your prudence with a smile ;

A smile, which through eternity
 Diffuses so bright rays,
 The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
 If guilt, at last, obeys :

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
 When such a sovereign reigns)
 Your guilt diminish ; peace pursue ;
 How glorious peace in pains !

Here, then, your sorrows cease ; if not,
 Think how unhappy they,
 Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
 Which guilt should wash away ;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
 Whence burst those dismal sighs ?
 They from the throbbing breast of one
 (Strange truth !) most happy rise ;

Not

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)

Enjoy a larger share

Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each

His care for all was thrown;

For all his care as absolute,

As all had been but one.

And is He then so near! so kind!

How little then, and great,

That riddle, man! O! let me gaze

At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl

A worm from darkness deep,

And shall, with brother-worms, beneath

A turf, to-morrow sleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd

His mighty Master's call,

The whole creation for mean man

Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd

For emmets in the dust!

Account amazing! yet most true;

My song is bold, yet just:

Man born for infinite, in whom

No period can destroy

The power, in exquisite extremes,

To suffer, or enjoy;

Give

Give him earth's empire (if no more)

He's beggar'd, and undone!

Imprison'd in unbounded space!

Benighted by the sun!

For what the sun's meridian blaze

To the most feeble ray

Which glimmers from the distant dawn

Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd

Swells here the vain to please;

The mind most sober kindles most

At truths sublime as these;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,

Divine ambition strove

Not to bless only, but confound,

Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,

As that the rending rock,

The darken'd sun, and rising dead,

So formidable spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?

Than rocks more hard, and blind?

We are;—if not to such a God

In agonies resign'd.

Yes, ev'n in agonies forbear

To doubt almighty love;

Whate'er endears eternity,

Is mercy from above;

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres ;
Joy's fountain head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise :
Ambrosial banquet ! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul !
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl !
Fountain profuse of every bliss !
Good-will immense prevails ;
Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
An angel's plummet fails.
Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more ;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea !
One sand, how wide the shore !
Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.
How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in æther thrown !

And

And those beyond of brighter worlds

Why not a million more?—

In lieu of answer, let us all

Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,

Nor thy indulgence less;

Since man, quite impotent and blind,

Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis

Man's weakness understood;

And wisdom grasping, with an hand

Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,

In Thee who dare not trust;

Whose abject souls, like demons dark,

Are murmuring in the dust:

For man to murmur, or repine

At what by Thee is done,

No less absurd, than to complain

Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,

Bright eye, unclouded brow,

Wisdom and goodness at the helm,

The roughest ocean plough?

What, though I 'm swallow'd in the deep?

Though mountains o'er me roar?

Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe,

I 'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form ;
Roar, waves ; rage, winds ! I know, that Thou
Canst save me by a storm.
From Thee immortal spirits born,
To Thee, their fountain, flow,
If wise ; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below :
Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To Thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire ;
To Thee aspiring they exult ;
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies :
Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To Thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast ;
Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim ; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd ;
Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth !) in heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

And

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
 Gall's overflowing bowl;
 And shall one drop to murmur bold
 Provoke my guilty soul?
 If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
 Can indignation raise?
 The sun was lighted up to shine,
 And man was born to praise;
 And when to praise the man shall cease,
 Or sun to strike the view;
 A cloud dishonours both; but man's
 The blacker of the two:
 For oh! Ingratitude how black!
 With most profound amaze
 At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
 Astonish'd angels gaze.
 Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
 Praise, more divine than prayer;
 Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
 Praise is already there.
 Let plausible Resignation rise,
 And banish all complaint;
 All virtues thronging into one,
 It finishes the saint;
 Makes the man blest'd, as man can be;
 Life's labours renders light;
 Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
 And lights our sun by night;

'Tis nature's brightest ornament,
 The richest gift of grace,
 Rival of angels, and supreme
 Proprietor of peace ;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
 Of rapture 't will impart ;
 Know, Madam ! when your heart 's in heaven,
 " All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise ?

Deny'd divine support,
 All virtue dies ; support divine
 The wise with ardour court :

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
 'Tis mounted on his wing,
 Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
 Sure audience of its King :

The labouring soul from sore distress
 That blest'd expedient frees ;

I see you far advanc'd in peace ;

I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam

Divine for ever shone !

An humble heart, God's * other seat !

The rival of his throne :

And stoops Omnipotence so low ?

And condescends to dwell,

Eternity's inhabitant,

Well pleas'd, in such a cell ?

Such

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

RESIGNATION. PART II. 135

Such honour how shall we repay ?
 How treat our guest divine ?
 The sacrifice supreme be slain !
 Let self-will die : Resign.
 Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
 Now let the cause be shown,
 Whence rises, and will ever rise,
 The dismal human groan :
 What our sole fountain of distress ?
 Strong passion for this scene ;
 That trifles makes important, things
 Of mighty moment mean :
 When earth's dark maxims poison shed
 On our polluted souls,
 Our hearts and interests fly as far
 Afunder, as the poles ;
 Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
 Unknown their royal race,
 With abject aims, and sordid joys,
 Our grandeur we disgrace ;
 O ! for an Archimedes new,
 Of moral powers possess'd,
 The world to move, and quite expel
 That traitor from the breast.
 No small advantage may be reap'd
 From thought whence we descend ;
 From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
 Our origin, and end :

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came ;
And may, if wise, for ever bask,
In great Jehovah's beam :

Let that bright beam on Reason rous'd
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies :

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more ;
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor :

Then level'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave :

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the King is truly great,
Still greater is the Man ;

The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
And though the Monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom !

Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth,
 Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
 But what, O death ! through thy approach,
 Is wiser every hour ;

Approach how swift, how unconfin'd !
 Worms feast on viands rare,
 Those little epicures have kings
 To grace their bill of fare :

From kings what resignation due
 To that almighty will,
 Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
 Can throne them higher still ?

Who truly great ? The good and brave,
 The masters of a mind
 The will divine to do resolv'd,
 To suffer it resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
 The trifle you receive
 Is dated from a solemn scene,
 The border of the grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
 Eternity's dread power,
 As bursting on it through the thin
 Partition of an hour ;

Hear this, Voltaire ! but this from me,
 Runs hazard of your frown ;
 However, spare it ; ere you die,
 Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chastise,
Left unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wife :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us disagree ;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me :

How shocking is that modesty,
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Affaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed !
Our constitution 's orthodox,
And closes with our creed :

What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost !

Though Vice, by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay ;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey !

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize ;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge : gay fancy smiles
 At reason plain, and cool ;
 Fancy, whose curious trade it is
 To make the finest fool.

Voltaire ! long life 's the greatest curse
 That mortals can receive,
 When they imagine the chief end
 Of living is to live ;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
 That birth-day of their sorrow ;
 Knowing, it may be distant far,
 Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
 Beneath an humble cot ;
 Not mine, your genius, or your state,
 No * castle is my lot :

But soon, quite level shall we lie ;
 And, what pride most bemoans,
 Our parts, in rank so distant now,
 As level as our bones ;

Hear you that sound ? Alarming sound !
 Prepare to meet your fate !
 One, who writes Finis to our works,
 Is knocking at the gate ;

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
 Far other judges sit ;
 Far other crowns be lost or won,
 Than fire ambitious wit :

Their

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
 Who sunk it in good sense;
 And veneration most profound
 Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
 Of blest Eternity;

O! may'st thou never, never lose
 That more than * golden key!

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
 Your good I have at heart:

Since from my soul I wish you well;
 As yet we must not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
 Life's future schemes contrive,

The world in wonder not unjust,
 That we are still alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
 A shadow's shade to crave!

When life, so vain! is vainer still,
 'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
 Who falling in the field

Of conflict with his rebel will,
 Writes Vici on his shield;

So falling man, immortal heir
 Of an eternal prize;

Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
 Descends into the skies.

O!

* Alluding to Prussia.

RESIGNATION. PART II. 341

O! how disorder'd our machine,

When contradictions mix!

When nature strikes no less than twelve,

And folly points at six!

To mend the moments of your heart,

How great is my delight

Gently to wind your morals up,

And set your hand aright!

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide

To poison distant lands:

Repent, recant; the tainted age

Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,

Whole herds rush down the steep

Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,

And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues;

'Tis well, pursue it still;

But let it be of men deceas'd,

And you 'll resign the will;

And how superior they to those

At whose applause you aim;

How very far superior they

'In number, and in name!

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write

No mortal should presume ;

Or only write, what none can blame,

Hic jacet—for his tomb :

The public frowns, and censures loud

My puerile employ ;

Though just the censure, if you smile,

The scandal I enjoy ;

But sing no more—no more I sing,

Or reassume the lyre,

Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part

Where Raphael leads the choir :

What myriads swell the concert loud !

Their golden harps resound

High, as the footstool of the throne,

And deep, as hell profound ;

Hell (horrid contrast !) chord and song

Of raptur'd angels drowns

In self-will's peal of blasphemies,

And hideous burst of groans ;

But drowns them not to me ; I hear

Harmonious thunders roll

(In language low of men to speak)

From echoing pole to pole !

Whilst

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—

“ Above, beneath the sun,

“ Through boundless age, by men, by gods,

“ Jehovah’s will be done.”

’Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl’d

Self-will with Satan fell;

And must from earth be banish’d too,

Or earth’s another hell;

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains:

Self-will ’s the deadly foe

Which deepens all the dismal shades,

And points the shafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,

Now virtue claims her due:

But virtue’s cause I need not plead,

’Tis safe; I write to You:

You know, that virtue’s basis lies

In ever judging right;

And wiping error’s clouds away,

Which dim the mental sight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,

From storm that safe resort;

We are still tossing out at sea,

Our admiral in port.

Was death deny’d, this world, a scene

How dismal and forlorn!

To death we owe, that ’tis to man

A blessing to be born;

When

When every other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust!

Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmost power employ;
'Tis noble chemyſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whiſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpe of thee:

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel;

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire !

From joyless murmur free ;

Or, let us know, which character

Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign : this lesson none

Too deeply can instill ;

A crown has been resign'd by more,

Than have resign'd the will ;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes

Superior in renown,

And richer in celestial eyes,

Than he who wears a crown ;

Hence, in the bosom cold of age,

It kindled a strange aim

To shine in song ; and bid me boast

The * grandeur of my theme ;

But oh ! how far presumption falls

Its lofty theme below !

Our thoughts in life's December freeze,

And numbers cease to flow.

First ! greatest ! best ! grant what I wrote

For others, ne'er may rise

To brand the writer ; thou alone

Canst make our wisdom wise ;

And how unwise ! how deep in guilt !

How infamous the fault !

" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,

" Indeed, beneath the taught !"

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with instructions most divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a soul on fire,

Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre;

How cold is man? to him how hard
(Hard, what most easy seems)

"To set a just esteem on that,

"Which yet he—most esteems."

What shall we say, when boundless bliss

Is offer'd to mankind,

And, to that offer when a race

Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high

Are our ideas wrought;

Of human merit ne'er too low

Depress'd the daring thought.

ON
THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,
AND
HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE
INSCRIBED
TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.
SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES

"— Gaudia Curis."

HOR.

MDCCXIV.

THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH.

AND
THE MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.



ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought,
 To ease the fullness of my grateful thought,
 My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
 And please the public, by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
 Have spread your country's glory with your own;
 To me you never did more lovely shine,
 Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
 Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
 And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
 Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
 Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
 Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
 With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, sir, the great esteem and honour due,
 I chose that moment to profess to you,
 When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
 Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere.
 And when no motives could have force to raise
 A serious value, and provoke my praise,
 But such as rise above, and far transcend
 Whatever glories with this world shall end,

L 3

Then

Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,

See every eye with conscious sorrow swell:

Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,

Can only shew his duty, not his choice.

How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!

We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view

That most illustrious scene, for ever New!)

See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,

And pay a constant tribute, not their own.

Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,

They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;

And when black storms confess the distant sun,

Her winters wear the wreaths, her summers won.

Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,

And triumphs are the product of the year.

To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,

And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?

Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?

Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,

Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?

Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim,

Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;

'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.

We spread our canvasses to the southern shore;

'Tis Anna reigns! the south resigns her store.

Her

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE. 151

Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal ! how fervent her desire !
How did her soul in holy warmth expire !
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.

How sweet succeeding sleep ! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams !
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart :
She saw, and griev'd to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait ;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand ;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight ? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprize !
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down :
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.

How would this work another's glory raise!
 But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
 Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears,
 Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
 Who stoop'd from high to succour the distressed,
 And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
 Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever fought, it was a queen that gave.
 Misfortune lost her name, her guileless frown
 But made another debtor to the crown;
 And each unfriendly stroke, from fate we bore,
 Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
 And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
 When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
 Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
 How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
 That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
 Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
 A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
 A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
 And deify the haughty victor's frown.
 His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
 Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire:
 Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;
 And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
 When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
 Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANN. 153

One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah ! to that unknown and distant date,
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate ;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna fate arbitress of Europe's fate ;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen !
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of a crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when with idle skill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube ; he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small ;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb !
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !

Yes,

Yes, this advantage ; from our deep distress
We learn how much in George the Gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown :
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the Gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chace our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great sir, now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power ;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE. 155

In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most ?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne !
For England's church her latest accents strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd ;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal, for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast ?
The crown's impatient to inclose thy head ;
Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well !

THE

THE
I N S T A L M E N T.

T O
THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

"Quæfitam Meritis."

HOR.

MDCCXXVI.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

KNOT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER



Not

Original

THE INSTALLMENT.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame;
I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise!
Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, clasp the diamond-girdle round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread;
Wife Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, since first he fixt the race,
None prest fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course;
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star;

A star

A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by this, shall commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud, which rising from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muse shall kindle, and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poetry.
My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'T was meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoriz'd my Muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men:
This prophanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,

And

And rooted deep ; one means must set them free ;
Patron ! and patriot ! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor those retain, when winter chills the year ;
The generous Orange, favourite of the sun,
With vigorous charms can through the seasons run ;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green ;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen :
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring ;
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too ;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise ;
Lets fall no honours, but securely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate :
No winter knows, though ruffling factions press ;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success ;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd * ;
And the charm'd Muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name !
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste truth indites, old time shall read.

“ Behold ! a man of ancient faith and blood,
“ Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public-good ;

VOL. III.

M

“ Whose

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years ;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty :
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please :
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise ;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
" His council guides, his temper cheers our isle,
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."

Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won ;
Who nobly-conscious meets the smiles of fate.
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.

Now

Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what 's ambition, but fair virtue's sail
And what applause, but her propitious gale?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down;
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling, in justice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.

Gods are most Gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more: for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick, for the great event,
Brunswick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN
EPISTLE
TO THE
RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

MDCCXII.

" —Parnassia laurus
" Parva sub ingenti matris se subjecit umbra." VIRG.

R. P. I. S. T. I. E.



RIGHT HON. LORDS OF THE COUNCIL

A N E P I S T L E

T O

L O R D L A N S D O W N E.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
 And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone,
 While suppliant Kings in all their pomp and state,
 Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
 Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
 And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
 Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string;
 And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
 Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
 The Muse's friend is pleas'd the Muse should press
 Through circling crouds, and labour for access,
 That partial to his darling he may prove,
 And shining throngs for her approach remove,
 To all the world industrious to proclaim
 His love of Arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
 Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
 Fell discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
 And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
 By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
 Nor heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd ;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste ;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring ;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year ;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen !)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past ;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own :
To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;
No longer is the great man born to bleed ;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyll shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell :
Through milder tracks he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord ;
Who cast the seed, the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows ;
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows ;
All Nature seems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 169

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.

See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate) in Bourbon's stately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son;
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:

From

From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow);
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole;
The British merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons sees only skies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

Goodness

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 171

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right :
To conquer is to make dissention cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence ;
Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land :
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest ;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relicks of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone ;
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne too shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this ?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss ;
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne ;
Conquests ! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin ;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.
Heroic,

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day :
Now boast your deaths ; to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell ;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire ;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave :
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main) ;
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall ;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask Mercy for ourselves, for others Death.

But O ! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford ;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield :
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,

In

In such bright images, such living grace,
 As leave great Raphael but the second place;
 Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
 And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
 Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
 And yet consent those battles prove our last;
 Left, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
 We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
 Or near the margin of a secret spring:
 Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
 Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what 's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
 Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
 The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
 With rising joy dilates my partial breast;
 The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
 Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to soar;
 Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
 And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
 For Janus shut, her *Iō Peans* rung,
 Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear
 (A thousand various forms become the fair);
 But shines in none with more majestic mien,
 Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
 Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
 And mourning beauty melt the crouded stage;
 Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
 The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves

Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind ;
They keep the soul alone, and that 's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks :
The hero's presence deep impresson makes ;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight ;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood ;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right ?
With honest magic make the knave inclln'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind ;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love ?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own ?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will :
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past ;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power ?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd :

Yet

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 175

Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lye.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue, whom so fit
To govern, and control the world of wit;
As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.

Nor

Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance :
 There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste ;
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast ;
 For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less :
 What though we wrong him ? Isabella's woe
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
 Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The Drama glories in the British Muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread ;
 Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine :
 They raise a great curiosity indeed,
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed ;
 We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow :
 They sigh ; we weep : the *Gallic* doubt and care
 We heighten into terror and despair ;
 Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
 Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much,
 What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
 Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
 The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
 The fickle *Gallic* taste to entertain ;
 Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
 The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love :
 We know Heaven made him a far greater man
 Than any Cæsar, in a human plan,

And

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 177

And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made.
Our neighbour's stage-art-too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise;
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
 With his great Talbot * too, he conquer'd France.

Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
 In great descendants, Shakespeare has but one;
 And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
 Yet I in vain that Author would suppress,
 What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
 And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise unblest'd with Talbot's finile,
 Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle:
 But if that reigning star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
 Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
 Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the Will-almighty disallow,
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,
 Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
 And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
 To you, the Muses glory and delight;
 Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
 And mortify an Author with your praise: *
 Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
 But censure's self will please, my lord, from you;
 Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

What

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquer'd France, drawn by Shakespeare. YOUNG.

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 179

What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded, when best understood.
The Muses write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
The Muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no wrong,
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me farther still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue:
Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll chuse
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own :
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please;
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause:
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others excellence;
A gift, which Nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who shew your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told, so well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
No crouds around for pleasure, or for state,
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;

Ner

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 181

Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuse companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told!

So pleas'd, and so surpriz'd, Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converse, and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;

Ranges Eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye Kings! would ye true greatness understand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,

Who

* See his Lordship's Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."

YOUNG.

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 183

Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He 's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course*.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are you blest'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end;

N 4

O Harrison!

* His Lordship's Nephew, who took Orders.

YOUNG.

O Harrison ! I must, I will complain ;
 Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain ;
 Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more ?—
 Thy task was early done, and I must own
 Death kind to thee, but ah ! to thee alone.
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn ;
 Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,
 When first inform'd of his approaching fate ;
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late :
 'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :
 Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
 To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
 But more to load that most unhappy hour ?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind ;
 That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
 Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine,
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul ;

Then

EPISTLE TO LORD LANSDOWNE. 185

Then with a groan—support me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear! *

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers:
Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung:
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted lord.

* The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, Fellow of New College, Oxon. YOUNG.—[See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."]

T W O
E P I S T L E S
T O

M R. P O P E,

CONCERNING
THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M D C C X X X.

THE TWO
S E L I S T I S

M R P O P E

4 AP 54

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE

MOORE

189
E P I S T L E I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future
wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush from *high*,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Lest dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?

Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;

With

With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows ;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes :
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting :
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or champain ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark ;
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk ;
 The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding prig ;
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad ;
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade ;
 Of every *broken* craft a writer 's made :
 Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail,

Hail, fruitful *isle* ! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, because 'tis wet;
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Licó learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He 'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
 Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just;
 Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill:
 And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
 In various sets, which various words compose,
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
 The priests found out the meaning, if they could;
 And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul!)
 Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
 "For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
 As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
 Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
 "I'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies,
 "I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice;
 His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To every bribe, and blind to every snare:
 Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
 How must Spain tremble, and the German shake!

Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
 Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
 In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
 Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
 And steal (for you *can steal*) cœlestial fire.

O! the just contrast! O! the beauteous strife!
 'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
 They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
 I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
 For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
 Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
 There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
 They make a private study of the street;
 And, looking full on every man they meet,
 Run soufe against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
 You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecstasies.

Will they persist? 'Tis madness; Lintot, run,
 See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
 Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes ;
 O frail conclusion ; the reverse is true ;
 If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you :
 Treat them, ye judges ! with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn :
 There 's true good-nature in your disrespect ;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect :
 For immortality, if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool,
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?
 'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;
 'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night :
 But, rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream :
 So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
 And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread ;
 They 're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
 Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise ;
 'Tis *voluntiers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,

And

And says, " Sir, I 'm your friend ; all fears dismiss ;
" Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;
" Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd,
" And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A Statesman has his answer in a trice ;
" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;
" What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns ;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
His patron he will patronize no more ;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !
Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff ;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off :
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar ;
But, when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such ?
No ; every party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place ;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace :
To the foul fiend their every passion 's sold :
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold :
What image of their fury can we form ?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace ? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds, they fly :

Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags;
 A State-Ulysses tames them with his bags;
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew:
 For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
 That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
 Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
 But, when they have bespatter'd all they may,
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
 And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile scycophant, if well they weigh
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
 Nor can the *greatest* powers enough *disgrace*,
 Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
 Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
 Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
 From the same hand how various is the page!
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
 Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.

If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmutations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*
Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make:
The Snake reigns most; Snakes, Pliny says, are bred,
When the *brain*'s perish'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you, curs'd
To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah*, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hilt at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:

* Settle, the city poet.

Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your Prototype; and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mein,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And, though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.

From *these*, their politics our Quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye.

O how

O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
 Thanking a villain for his *probity* !
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :
 It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
 Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
 Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights* !
 While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites,

As, when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
 Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate* ;
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And *prisons* pour their filth into the field ;
 Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the *black militia* of the pen.

E P I S T L E II.

F R O M O X F O R D.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
 Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
 The learn'd may chuse eternity, or ease?
 Has not a * Royal Patron wisely strove
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?
 Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
 Serious should be an author's final views;
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
 Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
 Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
 That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
 'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,

What

* King George I.

What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit:
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think *that early we must think at last*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
 And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
 The sacred *thirst* of gold, betray your pen?
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
 His sacred influence never should be sold;
 'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
 All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
 The good will surely serve him, if they can;
 The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:

But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,

But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
 A certain snare to miseries immense;
 A gay prerogative from common sense;
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
 Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
 Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
 'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
 As it is great to seize the golden prize
 Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
 Think private merit less than public fame,
 And fancy not to write is not to live;
 Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
 But ponder what it is; how dear 't will cost,
 To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
 Who write, an awful character profess;
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
 And for their stipend an immortal fame:
 Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
 Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
 No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
 Much trust example, but reflexion more:
 More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
 Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore;
 Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
 Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
 And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
 And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
 Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
 Slow runs the Pegafus that wins the bays.
 Much time for *immortality* to pay,
 Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
 Time only can mature the labouring brain;
 Time is the father, and the midwife pain:
 The same good sense that makes a man excel,
 Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
 Downright impossibilities they seek;
 What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
 One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
 Our age demands correctness; Addison
 And you this commendable hurt have done.
 Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
 The *whole* is mortal, if a *part*'s unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
 Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
 Give e'er so little, if what 's right be there,
 We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
 The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
 And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well;
 Men may too oft, though not too much, excel.

A few

A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftnefs to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in those alone should give offence!
Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
 Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
 Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
 'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.
 Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
 Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Can others write like you? Your task give o'er,
 'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
 If nought peculiar through your labours run,
 They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
 Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
 Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
 To nurse with quick reflexion be your strife,
 Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life;
 When most unfought, such inspirations rise,
 Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
 Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
 These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
 Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
 And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
 They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
 No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
 Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;
 Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
 Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:

Let

Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
 O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your Creed:
 Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurels*, grow;
 Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreau:
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen?
 From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

- "Who 's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
 "Who 's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
 "Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
 "As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"

Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
 With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
 Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
 At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
 Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
 False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
 Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
 For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;

While

While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pains,
To wound *immortals*, or to *slay the slain*;

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *bifs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *sons of dulness* write.

A N E P I S T L E
T O
THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

“ — Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi
“ Cæcus iter monſtrare velit — ” HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.

So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall prophane the Muſe,

No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the show (though little understood)
He only seeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, where bounty sows;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But those who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege,
'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.

This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.

The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts:
From this mistake so many men we see,
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;

Hence

EPISTLE TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 211

Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes ;
All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects ;
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate ;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd ;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few ;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must ;
What hopes that man of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys ?

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides ;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance ;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud ;
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask :
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow ;
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
 Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
 Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
 They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
 Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
 And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun;
 Till we forget the hand that made us great,
 And grow to envy, not to emulate:
 To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
 To reach the virtues, that make great men rise;
 But envy wears a mean malignant face,
 And aims not at their virtues—but their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
 When every favour is a fresh offence,
 By which superior power is still imply'd;
 And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
 Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed;
 But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

“ Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?”
 Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just;
 The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
 Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
 Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
 No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
 To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man, who contradicts the public voice,
 And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
 Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
 And lends us light to point out new defects.

One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
 Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends :
 And since no art can make a counterpass,
 Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
 When princes to bad ore their image join,
 They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.

Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
 And gain the good—nor will that task be hard ;
 Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
 An honest man is more than half thy friend.

Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
 Thy choice to fully, or thy trust betray :
 Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand ;
 Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand :
 Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
 We view those failings with a lover's eye ;
 Though small his genius, let him do his best,
 Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
 His friendship is not to be bought or sold :
 Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
 Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
 To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend ;
 In power, a servant ; out of power, a friend.
 Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
 Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good :
 Nor think that good to him alone confin'd ;
 Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
 The brave to cherish, and the good to grace ;

Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee:
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline;
(Illustrious doom!) the great, when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that, were satirizing you;)
But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage shall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

“ — Sopitos fuscitat ignes.”

VIRG.

I.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
 The future, heaven involves in thickest night.
 Credit grey hairs : though freedom much we boast,
 Some least perform, what they determine most.
 What sudden changes our resolves betray?
 To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
 And shews its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
 When constantly themselves, themselves deceive?

II.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd Muse adieu;
 You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
 How sweet your verse! how great your force of mind!
 What power of words! what skill in dark mankind!
 Polite the conduct; generous the design;
 And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
 Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beset;
 Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

III.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
 Is, haughty genius taught to know its place;
 And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
 With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
 When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
 Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
 'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
 O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

IV.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
 The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
 The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
 And slowly take possession of the fame.
 But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
 Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
 That sooths my pride: all glory in the pen
 Which has done honour to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done; a like applause
 An ancient and a * modern Horace draws.
 But they to glory by degrees arose,
 Meridian lustre you, at once, disclose.
 'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
 To write so well, and yet to write no more.
 More bright renown can human nature claim,
 Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

VI. Next

* Boileau.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE. 217

VI.

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so compleat a song.

VII.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shewn
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own:
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

IX. Adieu,

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art ! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost ;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell !
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell ;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee —
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine ;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee
mine,

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE
TO DOCTOR YOUNG,
NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH*.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the Muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bade Thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and Virtue guides;
Above, the love of God presides.
There 's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue steers.

* "A Poetical Epistle from the late Lord Melcombe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the Author of the Night Thoughts," was published in 4to. 1776.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELLORNE

TO DOCTOR YOUNG

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE

KIND companion of my youth,

How low the genius, worth, and truth!

What friendship can impart

To him of a falling heart?

Take the Muse's hand, and

See we drop into the dust.

He, who parts, and virtue parts,

Had I look beyond the grave:

Genius lost, and virtue found;

Above the clouds, and

There's a glimpse of us and God:

Let the glowing soul be true:

Why stand thou on the shore?

Why not boldly venture o'er?

While answering thy kind

I see we have the winds and tides:

Set, through loss of waves and fears,

Under the dark which thine eyes

A Poetical Epistle from the late Lord Mellor-
ne to the Earl of Bath, with comments by the
author of the "Night Thoughts," was published in
1794.

SEA

S E A - P I E C E :

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

S. H. A. P. I. E. C. H.



EXHIBITION

IN HIS PR

THE DEDICATION.

T O

M R. V O L T A I R E.

I.

MY Muse, a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen climes to milder skies;
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
 A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient* days,
 The *warrior's* ardent deeds to raise,
 And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
 Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
 Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to sound;—
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be Mine:

III.

But where's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou, where?—
 May that be found in Thee, Voltaire!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song! Mere *mortal* lays,
 So patroniz'd, are rescued from the grave.

IV. " Tell

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

IV.

“ Tell me, say’st thou, who courts my smile?
 “ What stranger stray’d from yonder isle !”—
 No stranger, Sir ! though born in foreign climes ;
 On Dorset downs, when Milton’s page,
 With *Sin* and *Death*, provok’d thy rage,
 Thy rage provok’d, *who* sooth’d with gentle rhymes ?

V.

Who kindly couch’d thy censure’s eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong ?
Who half inclin’d thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton’s blindness lay not in his song ?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown ;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey :
 How shortly shall we Both forget,
 To thee my patron I my debt,
 And thou to thine for Prussia’s golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great ;
 High-flush’d success, and pale defeat ;
 The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

VIII. Ye

THE DEDICATION.

225

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! *Eternal* loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardours *new*, our spirits flame;
Ambition, blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

X.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the sword with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from cruel ambition springs:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

XI.

Hear, and reverse—At Britain's nod, and call,
From each enchanted grove and wood, and vale,
Flashes the huge oak, or shaggy forest leaves;
The mountain's snow-capped brow, and steep descent,
Spreads canvas-wings, and fly through stormy
And tide o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

VOL. III.

Q

A SEA-

A S E A - P I E C E.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
 And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
 'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
 Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
 Perhaps their ardours may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood
 Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
 The mountain *pin*es assume new forms,
 Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV. She

IV.

She *nods* again : the labouring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth ;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an *island's* will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance : know, ye powers !
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brav'd Britannia's awful senate lowers.

VI.

In her * grand council she surveys,
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain ;
 From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine ;
 Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them ; then *they* blaze !
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Q 2

VIII. Then.

* House of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !
 And rends the skies ! and warms the waves !
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
 While all-serene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts;
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts;
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
 The wreath immortal ocean yields;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms : how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is Bellona's flame;
 How her storms languish on the continent !

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
 Less terror frown'd ; her scythed ear,
 Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII. The

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
 Or see I Vulcan's footy cave,
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
 Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna*! hear my call;
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and first take rapid *flight*,
 Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
 And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
 Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
 Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

Q 3

O D F

* Alluding to Virgil's Description of Thunder,

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords: O power divine!
 If blest by Thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from above,
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;
 Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV. That

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—

“ Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!

“ Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

“ Now war's important die is thrown,

“ If left the day to man alone,

“ How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

“ Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

“ And deep remorse, and sighs sincere

“ For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appease;

“ A wrath, more formidable far

“ Than angry nature's wasteful war,

“ The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

“ From out the deep, to Thee we cry,

“ To Thee, at nature's helm on high!

“ Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!

“ To Thee for succour we resort;

“ Thy favour is our only port;

“ Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

“ O Thou, to whom the lions roar,

“ And, not unheard, thy boon implore!

“ Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

“ Thou canst arrest the flying ball;

“ Or send it back and bid it fall

“ On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

- " Britain in vain extends her care
 " To climes * remote, for aids in war;
 " Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
 " There 's one alliance, one alone,
 " Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
 " And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

- " Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
 " We learn obedience from the sea;
 " With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
 " 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
 " To rouse, or hush, the martial storm;
 " And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

- " 'Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
 " Or quench the glories of a crown;
 " 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free;
 " To turn aside his level'd dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
 " There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

XI.

- " Thou, who hast taught the north to roar,
 " And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
 " Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 " Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 " Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
 " And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

XII. " The

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

XII.

- “ The *right* alone is bold and strong;
“ Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
“ With dread of vengeance: nature’s awful fire!
“ Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown,
“ Where is puissance and renown?
“ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

- “ Let George the just chastise the vain:
“ Thou, who durst curb the rebel main,
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
“ Bid George repel a bolder tide,
“ The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
“ And check *ambition’s* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

- “ And when (all milder means withstood)
“ *Ambition*, tam’d by loss of blood,
“ Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
“ Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
“ With peals of joy, Britannia’s fleet,
“ How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
“ The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.”

XII.

" The night alone is cold and drear,
 " Black, lowering clouds appeal the wrong
 " With dread of vengeance; nature's awful fall
 " Lethal one's streaming bloods from frowns
 " While a pallor and a shadow
 " Through terrible, vapours sink, or words expire.

XIII.

" Let George the last cherish the truth
 " True, who dare and the rebel train,
 " To meet the pure when falling pillows rest
 " The body's last of Celtic pride
 " And cheer nation, overbearing wave

4 AP 54

" And when all with us will stand
 " Lament, and lay to of blood
 " Rites not of the on angel's wings
 " Let pain be done, and shouting rise
 " With pain of the Britons' feet
 " How truly English, to triumph, bring
 " The bone of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occasioned by His MAJESTY's return, Sept. 1729,
and the succeeding PEACE.

" Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

" Quem super notas aluere ripas,

" Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.

PIND.

" Concines lætosque dies, & urbis

" Publicum ludum, super impetrato

" Fortis AUGUSTI reditu."

HOR.

IMPERIUM BELAOL

A

NAVALLYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occasioned by His Majesty's Visit to the
and



"Monte decem...
"Quam super...
"Felix, in...
"Cognitio...
"Fidelium...
"Fides...
Fide.
Hor.

P R E F A C E.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so *familiar*. As a fixt star is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore *soon* support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* subject in itself; more *proper* than any for an Englishman; and particularly *seasonable* at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good *writing* in every province, than in the *sublime*; our two famous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his country, than before; or a stronger *impression* from it, or a warmer *concern* for it, I give up to the *critic* any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *translations* that pass for *originals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*.

The

The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in *subjects* and *designs* of our own. Nothing is so *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he must be so too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a *close copy*, and a *noble original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A *distich* may be *long*, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be considered as a separate Ode if you please. And if the variety and fullness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the most spirited kind of *Ode*; this I speak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION,

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖται παντοθεν λογι-
σιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι
νάσσει εὐκλεία τὰν-
δε κοσμεῖν.

PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Proposition*. An Address to the vessel that brought over the *King*. *Who* should sing on this occasion. A *Pindaric* boast.

I.

FAST by the *surge* my limbs are spread;
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll:
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
The God descends; and transports warm my soul!

II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd Isle! no less,
By Nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *sea*, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle*, in happiness!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
 Though youth no longer fires my veins,
 Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recals the warmth of blooming years,
 Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the * *Pine*,
 That glads the heart of *Caroline*,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the *bark* that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee, *she* spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the godhead warm;
 Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
 O send her down the tide of Time,
 Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and secure from *storm*.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to soar,
 Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise—
 The sea she scorns; and, *now*, shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound,
 I am her pilot, and her port the *skies*!

VII. Dare

The vessel that brought over the King.

THE MERCHANT.

241

VII.

Dare *you* to sing, ye tinkling train?
 Silence, ye wretched! ye prophane!
 Who shackle *prose*, and boast of *absent* Gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers main,
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius rise!
 Of *genuine* title to the skies;
 Ye *founts* of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
 You, who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought, with Attick art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
 As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The generous bursts of willing wine
 Distil nectareous from the grape *unpress'd*.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *prospect* of happiness. *Industry*. A surprizing instance of it in old Rome. The mischief of *sloth*. *What* happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Described*. *What* the greatest human excellence. The *praise* of wealth. Its *use*, *abuse*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cause of it. The benefit of man's *necessities*. Britain's naval stores. She makes *all Nature* serviceable to her ends. Of *reason*. Its *excellence*. *How* we should form our *estimate* of things. *Reason's* difficult task. *Why* the first glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

I.

“OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!”
 What shining forms surround his throne,
 O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
 See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
 The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance;
 And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

“Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone!”
 New glories kindle round his throne,
 The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
 And, now, am present to the future blaze.

III. By

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
Blest Industry! a smiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, *mast, cable, anchor, oar,*
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak bestows.

V.

What cannot Industry compleat?
When Punick war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
“Fell all your groves,” a Flamen cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon, a *forest*, and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *loth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
 Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he choaks the source.

VIII.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
 Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
 And ever shall she flourish *here*:
 What though she languish'd? 'twas but *fear*,
 She's sound of heart; her constitution strong.

IX.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
 On thy fixt anchor, push from shore,
 Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
 And, see, she's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,
 Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
 She levies gain on every place,
 Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
 Again, she travels with the sun,
 Again, she draws a golden zone
 Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI. Ten

THE MERCHANT, STRAIN I. 245

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth with nerves unstrung,
The nations languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgey foreheads lift, and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the *ballast* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant isle! What tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

XV.

All these one British harvest make
 The servant Ocean for thy sake
 Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
 And fondly give, in boundless dower,
 To mighty George's growing power,
 The wasted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
 Fair Virtue with the first renown:
 A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
 When hearts for others welfare glow,
 And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
 Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breast! *abound* my store!
 This, and this boldly, I implore,
 Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boast:
Passions and *riches*, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill;
 All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wise*,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise:
 Let those in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The *narrow-soul'd*, or the *profuse*,
 The *truly-great* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX. Happy

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich: stores *starve* us, or they *cloy*;
From gold, if more than *chemic* skill,
Extract not what is *brighter* still:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty 's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No *sordid* son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations! commerce and increase.

XXII.

How *various* Nature! turgid grain
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, worms weave silken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun,
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

R 4

XXIII. What

XXIII.

What's *various* Nature? Art divine
 Man's soul to soften and refine;
 Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And *interest* draw around the ball,
 A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
 His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
 In their *necessities* distinctly writ:
 Ev'n *appetite* supplies the place
 Of absent virtue, absent grace,
 And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around
 The wondering *foreigner* confound!
 How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
 As her proud *scepter'd* sons survey,
 At every port, on every quay,
 Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast?

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king:
 How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
 A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends.
 In aid to Britain's glorious ends :
 Toils she in *trade* ? or bleeds in honest *war* ?
 Her keel each yielding *sea* enthrals,
 Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
 Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What though we creep beneath the shade,
 And seem as emmets on this point, the ball ?
 Heaven lighted-up the human soul,
 Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
 And, giving godlike *Reason*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
 Blest Reason ! guide my life and pen ;
 All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light :
 Who thee obeys, reigns over all ;
 Smiles, though the stars around him fall ;
 A God is nought but Reason Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reason is a God
 Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod ;
 Sole *Agent* he beneath the shining sphere,
 Others are *passive*, are impell'd,
 Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
 As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI. Our

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
 Shall monarchs *awe*? or crowns *inflamm*?
 From gross mistake our idle tumult springs;
 Those men the silly world disarm,
 Elude the *dart*, dissolve the *charm*,
 Who know the *slender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *present* object, *present* day,
 Are idle *phantoms*, and away;
 What's *lasting* only does *exist*. Know *This*,
 Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
 Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
 To launch us on the flood of *endless* bliss.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* these, though *most* in view!
 Go, look your *whole* existence through;
 Thence, form your *rule*; thence fix your estimate,
 For so the gods: but as the *gains*,
 How great the *toil*! 'Twill cost more pains,
 To vanquish *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reason*! the *first* palm is thine,
 Old Britain learnt from thee to shine.
 By thee, *Trades* swarming throng, gay *Freedom's* smile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
 Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *instruct* our isle.

STRAIN

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britons should pursue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Historical* digression which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cause* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings just *reflection* on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the soul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* sun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold*!
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest Gods repent:
The Gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III. And

III.

And awes with wealth ; for wealth is power :
 When Jove descends a golden shower,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre ;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants, *princes* ! every deck, a *throne* !

IV.

She sate an empress ! aw'd the flood !
 Her *stable* column Ocean trod ;
 She call'd the *nations*, and she call'd the *seas* ;
 By Both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
 Togarmagh's steed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
 And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;
 High Lebanon her mast ; far Dedan warms
 Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;
 Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;
 Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian, arms.

VI.

The world's last limit bounds her fame ;
 The *golden city* was her name !
 Those stars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
 Beneath her foot : *extent* of coast,
 And rich as Nile's, let others boast ;
 Hers the far nobler *harvest* of the *seas*.

VII. O mer-

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of Empires! Nature's care!
 The strength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty's Springs!
 The pride of Isles! In *Wars* rever'd!
 Mother of *crafts*! lov'd & courted! fear'd!
 Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But she fell:
 Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
 Against his favourite isle loud roars the *main*!
 The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
 Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
 The land, one *altar*! a whole people, *slain*!

IX.

The destin'd *day* puts on her frown;
 The sable *hour* is coming down:
 She's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
 The *sword* and *storm* are in her hand;
 She trumpets shrill her dread command:
 Dark be the light of earth! the boast, *unknown*!

X.

For, oh! her fins as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outery the flood;
 The Queen of Trade is *bought*! once wise and just,
 Now, venal is her council's tongue:
 How riot, violence, and wrong,
 Turn gold to *dross*, her blossom into *dust*!

XI. To

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
 Her sordid *noble* sinks ! her *mighty*, bow !
 Is it for *this*, the groves around
 Return the *tabret's* sprightly sound ?
 Is it for *this*, her great-ones tofs the brow ?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign !
 To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
 Confounding kindred, and misleading right ?
 The *spurious* lord it o'er the land !
 Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
 Assault the sky, and brandish *all* her might :

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, sweet *orator*,
 Her *merchant*, *sage*, big *man of war*,
 Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *boary heads*,
 Whose brows with *wisdom* should be crown'd,
 Her very *priests* in guilt abound :
 Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What death of *truth* ! what thirst of *gold* !
 Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold !
 What *youth* unletter'd ! *base ones* lifted high !
 What *public* boasts ! what *private* views !
 What *desert* temples ! *crowded* stews !
 What *women* !—practis'd but to rowl an eye !

XV.

O ! foul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts :
 Alas ! there is, who sees them there ;
 There is, who flatters not the fair,
 When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

HE sees, and thunders !— *Now*, in vain !
 The courser paws, and foams the rein ;
 And chariots stream along the printed soil :
 In vain ! Her high, presumptuous air
 In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly *stain*;
 Green, scarlet, azure, thine, in vain !
 In vain ! their golden heads her turrets rear ;
 In vain ! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
 Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain ! wines flow in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
 Damascus, vain ! unfolds the glossy store ;
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense vain, she boasts,
 Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX. Bell

XIX.

Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !
 The nations hiss ! her glory ends !
 To *ships*, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;
 Foes meet her *there* : the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd sail,
 And mast of *cedar* nought avail,
 Or pilot *learn'd* ! She sinks, nor sinks *alone*,
 Her Gods sink with her ! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though so vast her naval might,
 In *her* first dawn'd the British right ?
 All *flags* *abas'd* her sea-dominion greet :
 What though she longer war'd than Troy ?
 At length her foes that Isle destroy
 Whose conquest sail'd, as far as sail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *she* cloath'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !
 " O fatal pride ! (they cry) this, this is she,
 " Who said—with my *own* art and arm,
 " In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
 And swell'd at heart, vain Empress of the Sea !

XXIII. " This,

XXIII.

- “ This, This is she, who *meanly* soar'd :
 “ Alas ! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
 “ And stile herself a God !—Through stormy wars
 “ This Eagle-Isle her thunder bore,
 “ High-fed her young with *human* gore ;
 “ And *would* have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

- “ But ah, frail man ! how impotent
 “ To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent !
 “ To turn aside the great Creator's aim !
 “ Shall Island-kings with Him contend,
 “ Who makes the Poles beneath him bend ?
 “ And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?

XXV.

- “ *Earth, Æther, Empyræum* bow,
 “ When from the brazen Mountain's brow
 “ The God of Battles takes his mighty bow :
 “ Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 “ Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
 “ And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

- “ Ah ! wretched Isle, once call'd the *great* !
 “ Ah ! wretched Isle, and wise too late !
 “ The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out :
 “ Thy *luxury, corruption, pride*,
 “ And *freedom* lost, the realms deride,
 “ Ador'd thee *standing*, o'er thy *ruins* shout :

XXVII.

- " To scourge with *war*, or peace *bestow*,
" *Was* thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
" 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates :
" How art thou fallen, down, down, down !
" Wide *waste*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
" Where *Empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this History. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* the stroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* supports our endeavours. The *unconsider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to pursue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. Britain's grandeur from her *situation*. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the *seas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* despise *Trade* as mean. *Censured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprizing instance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure :
Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *solicit* down !
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

II.

This Truth, O Britain ! ponder well ;
Virtues should rise, as Fortunes swell :
What is large property ?—The *sign* of good,
Of worth *superior* : if 'tis *less*,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the Gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

III.

This council suits Britannia's Isle,
 High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's smile :
 To vassals prison'd in the Continent,
 Who starve, *at home*, on meager toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mis-spent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul ; bow Genius down,
 Lay Virtue waste ! for worth or arts, who strain,
 To throw them at a *monster's* foot ?
 'Tis *property* supports *pursuit* :
 Freedom gives eloquence ; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style,
 She makes the blood and spirits boil ;
 I feel her *now* ! and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song : O Muse ! not *thine*,
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine :
 The man that can think greatly, is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they please ;
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for *trade* ; to plough her field, the wave ;
 And reap the growth of every coast :
 A speck of land ! but let her boast,
 Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII. Britain !

VII.

Britain ! behold the world's wide face ;
 Nor cover'd half with *solid* space,
 Three parts are *fluid* ; empire of the sea !
 And why ? for Commerce. Ocean streams
 For *that*, through all his various *names* :
 And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
 Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
 Shuts out the nations ! Would a Prince draw nigh ?
 He passes her *strong guards*, the waves,
 Of *servant* winds admission craves,
 Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there,
 Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
 Rough Boreas bursting from the pole : all urge,
 And urge for her, their various toil ;
 The Caspian, the broad Baltick Boil,
 And into life the dead Pacifick scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train :
 A golden-host ! and azure plain !
 By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat :
 They may retreat, but not from her ;
 The star that quits *this* hemisphere
 Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn ;
 For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
 The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons set and rise
 The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
 Near the deep chambers of the South,
 The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own ;
 All *intimate* with him alone.
 His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
 To the vast volume's *closing* star ;
 Decypher'd every character :
 His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
 Smile at our rock and *barren* strand,
 Not *such* the sea : let Fohé's ancient line
 Vast *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt ;
 The camel *low*, *small* elephant—
 O Britain ! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan ! whom Nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life ;
 He *sleeps* an isle ! his sports the billows warm !
 Dreadful Leviathan ! thy spout
 Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
 He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *storm*.

XV. Th'

THE MERCHANT, STRAIN III. 263

XV.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
“The seas are ours.”—The monarch said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their distance most, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! And shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide:—
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
 Who think *trade* mean, and scorn to bow
 So far beneath the state of *noble* birth?
 Alas! these chiefs but little know
 Commerce how high, *themselves* how low;
 The sons of *Nobles* are the sons of *earth*.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
 But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
 The world's *chief* good, not glut on others' toil?
 High Commerce from the Gods came down,
 With *compass*, *chart*, and *starry crown*,
 Their *delegate*, to make the nations *smile*.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
 From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
 To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
 That arm, which swept the bloody field,
 See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
 While *scepters* wait, and *thrones* impatient stand.

XXII.

O shame to *subjects*! first renown,
 Matchless example to the *crown*!
 Old Time is *poor*: what age boasts such a fight?
 Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
 No; Virtue still as *mean* decline,
 Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

XXIII. He

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandize;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an *oar*!
 That Merchant * sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
 Those trade in *blessing*, these in *pain*,
 At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
 With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
 If great to *spend*, what, to *supply*?
 Priests pray for blessings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are in league and love;
 Earth's odours *pay* soft *airs* above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
 Planets are Merchants; take, return,
 Lustre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
 The whole Creation is one vast Exchange.

XXVII. IS-

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300
 years after his death.

YOUNG.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?

What say the sons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their *cells*?

In *open* life, in *change* of scene,

Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,

Experience, Arts, and *solid* Wisdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, Art's mechanick, Nature's stores

Well-weighs; to *flarry* Science soars:

Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)

The scites, tongues, interests, of the ball:

Who studies Trade, he studies all;

Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd Men.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline *war*; but boldly assert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and surprizing *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miser's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *false* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* represented.

I.

HOW shall I farther rouse the soul?
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
 How every breast inflame with mine?
 How bid my theme still brighter shine,
 With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan swan, on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly!
 While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
 Thy *spirit* pour, like vernal showers,
 My *verse* shall burst out with the flowers,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III. Though

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame from *war*;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
 Jove gathers tempest black as night;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light;
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *star*,
 In commerce this, or that in *war*,
 Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies resound!
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart through every nerve,
 Hear from the *throne* * a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
 To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers;
 The bloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd;
 The *bird* of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious *bees* ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*!

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too; his race is run;
 He shines in vain! her isle 's an isle *indeed*,
 A *spot* too small to be o'ercome;
 Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
 No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

VII. Trade.

* The King's speech.

THE MERCHANT, STRAIN IV. 269

VII.

Trade 's the source, finew, soul of all;
Trade 's all herself; hers, hers, the ball;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his *naval* art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *silver* sheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the sun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load *: *created* sure, not *made*!
Servant and *rival* of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble Trade.*

XI. Where

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

YOUNG.

XI.

Where hadst thou been, if, left at large,
 Those finewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
 Had caught at *pleasure* on the flowery green?
 If they that watch'd the midnight star
 Had swung behind the rolling car,
 Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

XII.

As by *repletion* men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom;
 Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *rust*,
 Which, passing numerous hands, would *shine*;
 Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
 Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *dust*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair;
 Make *earth* well worth the *wise* man's care;
 Call forth her forests, *charm* them into fleets;
 Can make *one* house of human race;
 Can bid the distant poles embrace;
 Hers, every fun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
 With bounty feeds, with laurel courts;
 Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine;
 Enacts those guards of gain, the *laws*;
 Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cause.—
 Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
 Why is heaven's smile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
 Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
 Pleasure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
 Boundless in *time* and in *degree*:
 Pleasure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
 That jars on nature's trembling string,
 Tempests the *spirits*, and untunes the *frame*:
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
 A bright *serene* that calms the whole;
 Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the care
 To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
 To know *false* coin from *true*; to sweep the *main*;
 The *mighty stake* secure, beyond
 The strongest tie of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join, then, *Religion* to thy store,
 Or *India's* mines will make thee *poor*:
 Greater than *Tyre*! O bear a nobler mind
 Sea-sovereign *isle*! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
 Ardent to *blest*, who couldst *subdue* mankind!

XIX. Rich

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
 By day, by night; the stars are thine,
 Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain, and to bestow,
 While ages last! in trade burn out the sun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
 This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
 Let Forbishers, let Raleighs fire!
 O let Columbus' shade inspire!
 New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than heaven to frame
 That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
 An universe! her rivers, seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
 Heaven's fairest birth! and, but for thee, in vain!

XXII.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
 O noble search! O glorious care!
 Are ye not Britons? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

XXIII. Swear

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *stars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as swelling *sails*,
Constant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *masts*, elate;
Thy *justice*, an unerring *helm*
To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, sure *anchor* of her state!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that
of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra.
What the constellations are. Argo. The whale.
The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra.
Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured.
The moon. *What* the sea is. *Apostrophe* to the
Emperor. The Spanish armada. How Britain
should speak her resentment. *What* gives power.
What navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul.
Africa. China. *Who* master of the world. *What*
the history of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory.
Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest.
Ships of *divine* origin. *Merchants* ambassadors.
The Briton's voyage. *Praise* the food of glory.
Britain's record.

I.

BRITANNIA'S state what bounds confine?
(Of rising thought O golden mine!)

Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set no bound;
She fallies till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

II.

Small isle! For Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* thone:
They rose to *Gods*, in *half* thy sphere confin'd.

III. Here,

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illustrious: as I sing,
O hear yon *spangled harp* repeat my lay!
Yon *starry lyre* has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the *planets* round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *stars*,
And noble *verse*, that shall endure as long.

V.

The *skies* are records of the main,
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he *bears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours *grateful* lustre on my lays;
How smiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smile subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

T 2

VII. In

* The Dolphin.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
 To see his British brothers reign
 As stars below: the Balance, George! from Thine,
 Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
 More accurate the *night* and *day*;
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *lesser* lights!
 How could the wise-man gaze whole nights
 On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
 But, oh! you practise *shameful* arts;
 Your own *retain*, seize others' hearts,
 Pirates, not merchants, are the British Fair.

IX.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
 Pale Queen! be *flush'd* at Britain's fame;
 And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
 "To *share* her empire is thy pride."
 HE, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the *main*? Ye Kings renown'd!
 Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound*:
 Austrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
 Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
 Where-e'er the ripening sun can shine,
 Parts are for *emperors*; for *her* the *whole*.

XI. Why,

XI.

Why, Austrian ! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see *thy* welfare in the *world's* ? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill, not so kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate*.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
Who rescued an ungrateful throne ;
Ill thou consider'st, that the *kind* are *brave* ;
Ill dost thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was That to *save*.

XIII.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted *inspiration* 's vain !
Yet what if my *prediction* should prove *true* ?
Know'st thou the *fatal pair* who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire ? *Thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *subdue* ?

XIV.

What *naval* scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inspires her *councils*, and records her *power* ?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones, the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates lour.

T 3

XV. O

* The Spanish Armada in the House of Lords.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so *bold*?
 Would Britain have her anger told;
 Ah! never let a *meaner* language sound,
 Than *that* which prostrates human souls,
 Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
 Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
 Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord*:
 Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
 As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
 Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest *sword*.

XVII.

Nay, *her*'s the sword! For *fleets* have *wings*;
 Like lightning fly to *distant* kings;
 Like Gods descend *at once* on trembling states:
 Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
 To farthest confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
 Sends forth his *pinion'd* people, thus,
 On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
 And carry *sable* clouds, and *sweep*
 The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX. The

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever strike
 On bare *outsides*; and loath, or like,
 As *glitter* bids; in endless error vie;
 Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
 Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
 Trade's the big heart; bright empire, but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
 Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
 While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
 To clasp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
 That meanest product on their soil,
 Their *people* sell: one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
 Afric's a glaring Monument:
 Mid *citron* forests and *pomegranate* groves
 (Curst in a paradise!) she pines;
 O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
 Her *beggar'd*, *famish'd*, tradeless native roves:

XXII.

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide!
 Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
 Thy *products* would exhaust both India's mines:
 Shut be *that* gate of Trade! Or woe
 To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
 Ungrateful song! Her growth * *inspires* thy lines.

T 4

XXIII. Bri-

* Coffee.

XXIII.

Britain! To *these*, and such as *these*,
 The *river* broad, and foaming *seas*
 Which *sever* lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
 Devoid of *naval* skill or might;
 Those *sever'd* parts of earth *unite* :
 Trade's the full *pulse*, that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engrossing* hand
 The various streams of Trade command,
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe;
 That awful Power the world would brave,
 Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his *Will*, their law.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
 From Commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
 To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
 One *bright encomium*, undesign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade springs from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
 And Power from Wealth; of Power is made
 The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
 • War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

THE MERCHANT, STRAIN V. 233

XXVII.

Then perish War!—Detested War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest*! harvest round the year!
For Peace with laurel every mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon found, each sailor shout!
For Peace let every sacred ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the Patriarch Nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The Gods made Human race, a Pilot, sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame*;
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder Statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embassadors! and Thrones in awe!

XXXI. 'Tis

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXVI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times* ;
 The *march* of stars ; the *births* of climes ;
 Summer and Winter theirs ; their *land* and *sea* ,
 Theirs are the *seasons*, *months*, and *years* ;
 And each a different *garland* wears :—
 O that my song could add Eternity !

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of god-like deeds ;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares :
 Whither, ye Britons ! are ye bound ?
 O noble *voyage* ! glorious *round* !
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

XXXIII.

If to my *subject* rose my *soul*,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;
 Ye Nereids, dance ; ye Billows, flow ;
 Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng !
 Ye Winds ! in concert breathe around ;
 Ye Navies ! to the concert bound
 From Pole to Pole ! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of
Eternity. What Britain's arts should be. Whence
slavery.

I.

BRITAIN! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or *bliss*, in vain! the Gods bestow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cherish, *source* adore:
Vain *swellings* of thy soul repress;
They most may *lose*, who most *possess*;
Then let *bliss* *awake*, and *tremble* at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life *at best*,
Her *cheerful*, not *enamour'd* guest:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity*! a scene
To fair *adventurers* serene!
O! on that *sea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffick with Gods! What transports roll!
What boundless *import* to the soul!
The poor man's *empire*! and the subjects *crown*!

IV. Adore

IV.

Adore the Gods, and plough the seas :
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
 Let *others* pant for an immense command;
 Let *others* breathe war's fiery God;
 The proudest *victor* fears thy nod,
 Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom lasts;
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
 For what is Tyranny? A monstrous birth
 From Luxury, by bribes caress'd,
 By glowing Power in *shades* compress'd;
 Which stalks around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE CLOSE.

This *subject* now first sung. *How* sung. Preferable
 to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung
 by *All*.

I.

THEE, Trade! I *first*, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, *thus* snatch from shore,
 The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of Time, to sure renown;
 O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II. Thou

II.

Thou art the Britons' noblest theme,
 Why, then, un Sung? My *simple* aim
 To dress *plain sense*, and fire the *generous blood*;
 Not sport imaginations vain,
 But list, with yon ethereal train,
 The shining Muse, to serve the *public good*.

III.

Of *ancient art* and *ancient praise*,
 The *springs* are open'd in my lays:
 Olympic heroes ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew;
 Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
 As far surpass, as *useful* cares
 Transcend diversion *light* and glory *vain*:
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong.
 The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
 That *would* to glowing Ætna rise
 (Such Pindar's breast), thou Theron of *our time*!
 Seldom to man the Gods impart
 A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
 In life, or song, how rare the true *Sublime*!

VI. Now,

VI.

None, *British-born*, will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Though not with *genius*, with *some* virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the Muse!) the *lay* may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British Mast,
 The British Mast, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
 By strength *not hers* sublime: thus, proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain;
 And lives, and echoes through the plain,
 While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verse,
 Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
 And *fool* the Muse with *impotent* desire;
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" YE Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
 " Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
 " Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
 " Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
 " Ye Navies! to the concert bound
 " From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
 " Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my song.

C O N T E N T S

O F

THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE COMPLAINT	
NIGHT IX. and last. The Consolation	Page 3
RESIGNATION. In Two Parts	
Part I. - - - - -	83
II. - - - - -	113
On the Death of Queen Anne, and Succession of	
George I. - - - - -	147
The Infatment - - - - -	157
Epistle to Lord Lansdowne - - - - -	165
Two Epistles to Mr. Pope - - - - -	187
Mr. Doddington's Epistle to Sir R. Walpole -	209
The Old Man's Relapse - - - - -	215
Lord Melconibe to Dr. Young - - - - -	219
SEA PIECES.	
Dedication to M. Voltaire - - - - -	223
Ode I. - - - - -	226
II. - - - - -	230
Imperium Pelagi; a Naval Lyric - - - - -	235

END OF YOUNG'S POEMS.

VI.

None, *British-born*, will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Though not with *genius*, with *some* virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the *Muse*!) the *lay* may last,
 Thus twin'd around the *British Mast*,
 The *British Mast*, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
 And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
 By strength *not hers* sublime: thus, proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *strain*;
 And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
 While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verse,
 Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
 And *fool* the *Muse* with *impotent* desire;
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" YE Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
 " Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
 " Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
 " Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
 " Ye Navies! to the concert bound
 " From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
 " Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my song.

C O N T E N T S

O F

THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE COMPLAINT	
NIGHT IX. and last. The Consolation	Page 3
RESIGNATION. In Two Parts	
Part I. - - - - -	83
II. - - - - -	113
On the Death of Queen Anne, and Succession of	
George I. - - - - -	147
The Instalment - - - - -	157
Epistle to Lord Lansdowne - - - - -	165
Two Epistles to Mr. Pope - - - - -	187
Mr. Doddington's Epistle to Sir R. Walpole -	209
The Old Man's Relapse - - - - -	215
Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young - - - - -	219
SEA PIECES.	
Dedication to M. Voltaire - - - - -	223
Ode I. - - - - -	226
II. - - - - -	230
Imperium Pelagi; a Naval Lyric - - - - -	235

END OF YOUNG'S POEMS.